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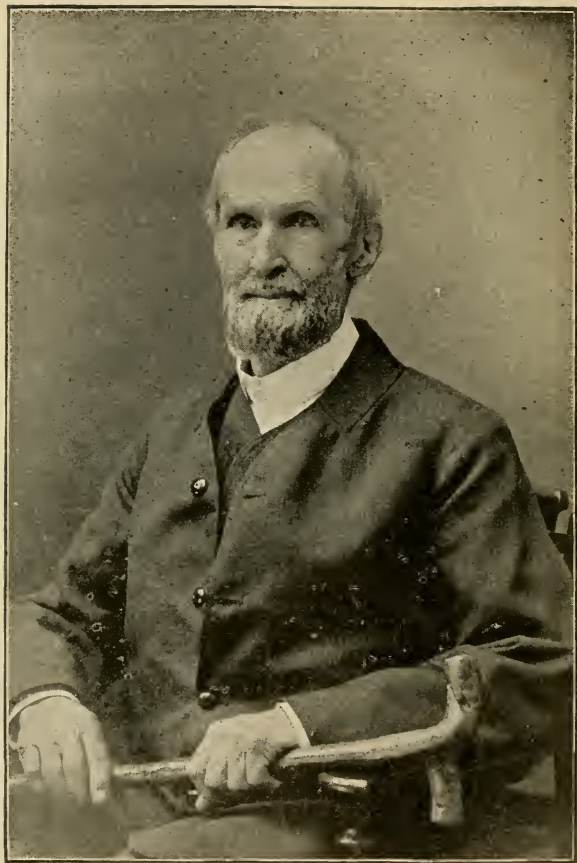
ELDER FREDERIC W. EVANS.

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the memory of Elder





Frederick Wm. Evans.

✓
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY OF

✓
Elder Frederic W. Evans,

BY HIS

LOVING AND DEVOTED GOSPEL FRIENDS.



High up on the mountain transfigured he stood,
Who gave his great soul for humanity's good,
And sealed his grand work against sin's mighty flood,
While his soul saw the truth marching on.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.
PRESS OF THE EAGLE PUBLISHING CO.
1893.

INTRODUCTION.

“Light is sown for the righteous.”

An adulterous generation could not perceive that they who do the will of the Heavenly Parents constitute the soul's nearest kindred, any more than they can comprehend that he who hates or oppresses is a murderer.

In presenting this collection of heart tokens, which were originally intended only for the sacred area of our home, the public are taken into confidence as friends.

We are inspired with the hope that the book will not only display sheaves and fruit of rich harvest sown beside all waters, but that it will set forth the character of our noble chieftain who from youth was a most ardent, persistent truth disseminator, also, that it will especially shed some gleams on the inner spiritual life which is the growth of the command “that ye love one another,” a growth so nurtured that the promise of “an hundred fold” is fulfilled *now in this life*, and the certainty of realizing an enduring relationship is demonstrated. We who have attained this bond by one faith and baptism, know how to dwell together in unity and to concentrate forces when

“From love's shining circle the gems drop away.”

The natural selfish mind would plead, Why wish to increase the numbers, at the risk of admitting adverse elements? Why not enjoy a little heaven while life lasts? The feast has long been prepared; the many denominations have been invited but were engaged in schemes for worldly possessions and prayed to be excused, or were ensnared

in the meshes of generation and therefore "could not come"

Yet our prophetic vision can see the day of the deliverance of the nations, and we hear the call to preach the higher law unto the ends of the earth. We would go into the highways of advanced thought, and into the hedges of wise conservatism to find the poor in spirit, who are pilgrims and strangers in the land of their inheritance, who will not "follow the multitude to do evil," to them we would convey the invitation of the Spirit and the Bride.

We would visit the widow and the fatherless, those types of the helpless who are robbed of the care and protection that insures individual development. To slaves and captives of every degree, we would proclaim "glad tidings of great joy," that they might lift up their eyes to the hills from whence help cometh, and with the rapturous song of the homeward bound,

"Fly as a bird to her mountain."

That mountain may not be the heights of Zion; but every movement onward and upward, in any direction, is toward the sublime altitudes of God's redeeming truth.

Elder Frederic belonged to that devoted far-seeing band—the original Land Reformers—whose simple and just system would have saved the Republic from its present complicated and degraded condition. His loss to them seemed great, but he kept their banner waving, and none of his compeers who lived to be old men did more or better work for the race.

OBITUARY.

As published in the Berkshire County Eagle, Pittsfield, Mass.

ELDER EVANS' LIFE.

A Biographical Sketch of a Remarkable Career.

Passed to spirit life, March 6, 1893, Elder F. W. Evans of Mount Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y., in the 85th year of his age, without sickness and without pain.

The North Family at Mount Lebanon, where Elder Frederic had remained for 63 years, may never produce a more remarkable or notable character. He presided as elder of said family for 57 years and until last November. Some years ago by invitation of a friend, he wrote his autobiography for the Atlantic Monthly. This article was afterwards republished with a compilation of other articles relating to Shakerism, in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1888, in a book of 270 pages, under the title of "The Autobiography of a Shaker." From this book we quote the following:

"I see great importance in a principle—very little in an individual. Not of myself should I write of myself, but in the hope that others may be advantaged thereby, I acquiesce in the foregoing suggestion. I have always lived much in the future, yet my present life has been a practical success; while my work has ever been before me, my reward has always been with me. I am satisfied with the continued realizations of the prophetic spirit within—of the abstract principles that have been my inner life.

"My father's family were of the middle class in England. They were long lived, my grandmother reaching the advanced age of 104 years,

and my grandfather approaching 100. My father, George Evans, was the youngest of 12 children and died comparatively young. He was sent into the English army; was under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in the Egyptian expedition, co-operating with the fleet under Nelson, and held a commission in the service. My mother was of a class a little above, so that the marriage caused a perpetual breach between the two families. Her name was Sarah White. I was born in Leominster, Worcestershire, England, on the 9th of June, 1808. The first fact that I can remember may be of some interest to the student in anthropology. When I came of age, and on my return to England in 1830, I was relating to an aunt on my father's side, whom I had never before seen, that I had always stored up in my memory one thing which I could not account for; I could remember nothing before or after it to give it a meaning, and none of my mother's relatives knew anything about it. I saw the inside of a coach, and was handed out of it from a woman's arms into those of some other person. My aunt was utterly astonished and stated that my mother was coming down from London to Birmingham, when I was not more than six months old, that something happened to the horses which frightened the party badly, and that I was handed out (just as I had seen and remembered) by my mother into the arms of another person.

“When I was four years of age, my mother died and I was thrown among her relatives, who sent me to school at Stourbridge, where there were some 200 scholars; and the position the master assigned me was that of the poorest scholar in the school, which effected my release from the school room, to my great satisfaction and peace of mind; for if there was one thing more than another that I hated, it was school books and an English school master with his flogging proclivities. I was then about eight years old.”

He then gives an interesting account of how he was cast among his uncles and aunts; of the farm life at Chadwick Hall and how he rebelled at being educated; of his father and brother visiting him and his choice to go with them to America, when 12 years old. He describes his brother George H. Evans, the great land reformer and associate of Horace Greeley, and his home at Binghampton, N. Y.,

where an aunt of his made the remarkable prophecy that of all the young people belonging to the three families of his father and his uncles, Frederic, though then a black sheep among them, "would yet occupy the most desirable position in life," which came to pass. He goes on to say :

"I now took a sudden turn in respect to books and learning. I saw that knowledge was not only power, but that it was also respect and consideration. I made up my mind that I would learn to read and love to read. My first dose was the 'Life of Nelson,' then I set myself to reading the Bible through by course ; and I did it. And here I made a discovery (or rather my friends did), that my memory was so retentive that whatever I read was, as it were, pictured on my brain. I had only to look at the picture to see it in all its minutest particulars without any effort. And (as Lincoln would say) this reminds me of what a woman I met on a Hudson river boat said : that in coming from California, she was nearly drowned, but before consciousness was gone, all the sins of her life were present to her view ; not one, however small, was missing.

"I next went to Ithaca and put myself to school to an Episcopal minister, who proved a real friend. One of his first lessons was to teach me how to think. He had only a dozen scholars and we were all well attended to. I became with him a great favorite, and the times of intermission were largely devoted to my special instruction and benefit. At parting, he advised me "always so to live that I could respect myself," and that has ever since been my life motto. Next, I apprenticed myself at Sherburne Four Corners, N. Y., to learn the hatting business. There, I had access to a library of valuable books, and I took to reading 'Rollins, Ancient History,' 'Plutarch's Lives of Great Men,' the 'Tattler' and the 'Spectator,' and Zimmerman, Shakespeare, Watts, Young, Thomson, Socrates and Plato. I also took up theology and asked myself, why was I a Christian, and not a Mahometan, or a follower of Confucius? for I had read the Koran and the Bibles of all peoples that I could obtain. I read Locke 'On the Human Understanding,' and 'The Being of a God.' This laid in me the foundation of materialism. For I came to the conclusion that matter was eternal, had never been created. Thomas Paine's 'Crisis' and 'Rights of Man,' together with Volney and Voltaire, were also among my friends.

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“I became a settled and firm materialist—a believer in matter, as I then understood it, the object of my external senses ; for I did not then know that I had any other senses. This continued to be my condition until I met with the Shakers, some five years afterwards. I possessed this one great advantage, that what I did believe was true, however much there might be true that I did not believe.”

In the following chapters, Elder Frederic tells of his conversion to the socialistic theories of Robert Owen and to communism, and of his visit to a community of this kind at Massilon, Ohio. On this journey to the West, he travelled mostly on foot in preference to any other way, walking sometimes 40 miles a day. In 1829 he returned to England, where he remained about a year. He then came back to New York and assisted his brother George H. Evans and others in perfecting plans for a new community, and was deputed to travel for information and to find a suitable location in which to start.

“At this time we had in New York,” he says, “a Hall of Science, and Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright were among its great lights.”

In the year 1830, he called to see the United Society of Believers at Mount Lebanon, and was directed to the North House, as the proper place for inquirers. Here he was agreeably surprised and impressed by the air of candor and openness and the quiet self repose with which he was met. After a week's inquiry he pronounced the Shakers a society of infidels, and declared that it was the first time he had found religionists who were also rationalists, ready to render a reason for the faith and hope that were in them. He further says :

“The Shakers prayed for me and I was met in my own path by spiritual manifestations during several weeks, until my reason was as entirely convinced by the evidence I received of the existence of a spirit

world, as I am by evidence presented to my outer senses, of the existence of our material earth.

"After three months absence, I returned to New York, to face for the first time my astounded materialistic friends, to whom a more incomprehensible change could not have happened than my apparent defection from their ranks. As soon as my arrival in the city was known, there was a gathering at my brother's office. The room was well filled ; many older than myself, to whom I had looked as my superiors in knowledge and experience, were present. At first there was a little disposition shown by a few to be querulous and bantering, while the greater part took it as a serious matter to be righted by solid argument.

"I called the attention of the company, and inquired whether any of them wished to give me any information concerning materialism—its principles? All said, 'No ! you do not need it.' I then inquired if any one present was acquainted with Shakerism? and again the answer was 'No !' Then, gentlemen, I rejoined, it is for you to listen and for me to speak. And I did speak ; and gave them as simple an account of my experience thus far as I was able.

"I also had a separate interview with Robert Dale Owen at the Hall of Science. At its close he remarked : 'I will come up to New Lebanon and stay two months, and if I find things as they now appear I will become a Shaker.' I still await his arrival. In course of time all of them became Spiritualists. Who sowed the seed ?

"I joined myself to the order and became a Shaker. I have now (1868) had 38 years' experience and feel satisfied with the goodness of God and his people to me. I have gained a degree of victory over self which causes my peace to flow as a river, and which fills me with sympathy for all seekers after truth and righteousness, whoever and wherever they may be."

In the transition of Elder Frederic, ends the career of a prophetic, inspirational, spiritual man of God—a man, as a dear friend lately expressed it, who always found the seed that grows the broad leafed and glowing tasseled flower. In his public capacity as a minister of the gospel of Christ in His second appearing he was equalled by none. Twice he has been on a missionary trip to England, in 1871 and

again in 1887, the last time visiting Scotland also. Upon both occasions he was accompanied by our friend and brother, James M. Peebles, M. D., the "Spiritual Pilgrim" for whom he entertained the warmest sympathy and love.

Physically, Elder Frederic was strong and vigorous, and remarkably well preserved for one so advanced in age. This condition may be measurably attributed to his hygienic manner of living, having been a vegetarian for about 60 years, and to his regular and systematic habits.

With a nature susceptible to the weal or woe of mankind, a heart full of love, compassion and charity, and a soul redeemed from the lusts of the flesh and of the mind and made clean and white, he could the more readily perceive how to reach the hearts of the people and make them feel the truth for which he pleaded. His plain, straightforward arguments could not well be disputed, and if they were, discussion of some length was sure to follow. Tenacity for the right, as he saw it, was a prominent feature in his character, and so clearly was it defined to him that he would fain have every one believe as he believed. Happily his faith was founded on the truth, based upon the rock of divine revelation. Many a time-worn, weary traveller has stopped amid the fevered heat and rush and wrangling of the surging crowd, to drink of the cup and to eat of the testimony of truth, of which he was an exponent, till it became their life, even as it was his. It was his meat to do the will of his Heavenly Father, and his drink to feel the love of his Heavenly Mother. This was his treasure, and for it he sacrificed worldly honor, fame and renown.

His many friends in the outside world will miss the noble form, the kindly face and the proffered hand of the grand old man. As a reformer among reformers, he saw afar off

the danger signal and promptly gave the alarm. He led the opposition to the Sunday closing of the world's fair and was emphatic upon the separation of church and state, and not less so in demanding equity as the only solution of the labor problem. The leading topics of the day in the world of social and political thought constantly occupied his mind and moved his pen. A few days before passing out, he made these remarks: "We are living in a world of ideas. Napoleon said in his day the next war would be a war of ideas; how much more does it apply to this, our day!"

To the Society of Believers, he was a watchman on the tower of Zion, one of her main standard bearers and a mouth piece from which issued words of eternal truth. To his own home and family he was strongly attached and the attachment was mutual. We loved him as our father; he loved us as his children. We saw in him a life hid with Christ in God, a life made manifest by good deeds, a life ever green, even as the groves about our home which he planted, trimmed and cultivated with his own hands.

And now "the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken at the cistern and the pitcher broken at the fountain." The spirit will not only return to God, who gave it, but also to his own, and his own will receive him and know him; for is he not now, as always, a ministering angel, sent to us who shall be the heirs of salvation.

The spirit of prophecy was upon him to the end. At times during his last hours, he sung parts of the following verses, which he wrote and published in "*The Shaker*," when he was editing that publication about twenty years ago under the unpretentious title:

UNBORN POETRY.

(There is a river that makes glad the city of our God.)

Passing over the river is not to die
 With outstretched limbs in state to lie,
 For as a man thinketh so is he,
 In time or in eternity.

To die is a change that none forego,
 The peasant, the king, the friend and foe,
 Go hastening on in weal and woe,
 To the land of ghosts which none may know.

Know as we know the things of earth,
 In manhood, youth, and back to birth,
 Mystery of mysteries from the beginning !
 Why do we live? love? Why keep on sinning?
 Where did we come from? Whither go we,
 Men, women, and children, bond and free? .

To die is not to pass over the river,
 For still we live, live on forever.
 But there is a river that's never dry,
 That none may pass over until they die.
 Die to the life that reproduces
 The race of man without abuses.

The end has come, the summer has ended,
 The harvester death, with life is blended.
 Life—eternal life, from the throne of God,
 The Lamb was the first, the first who trod
 The banks of that river—the river of God.

A. W.

[Anna White]

FUNERAL SERVICES OF
ELDER FREDERIC W. EVANS,

Who passed into spirit life on the morning of March 6th,
1893. Held Thursday, March 9th, at 1 p. m., in
the Meeting House at Mount Lebanon, in the
presence of a goodly assemblage of
Believers and Friends.

Elder Daniel Offord opened the meeting by saying :

‘It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that we have met here this afternoon. The occasion is not one of deep grief. We mourn not as the world mourn, neither do we sorrow as those without hope, nor array ourselves in the habiliments of woe, to express the impenetrable gloom of the mystery of Providence.

“We have a cheerful faith in immortality, hence the copious flow of tears, and the comfortless wail of woe are absent from our midst; we deem death but a pleasant transition from an imperfect to a more glorious state.

“When one whose days have been wisely spent and whose life is full of good fruit has lived to a ripe old age, he lays the worn-out casket by, and passes over the threshold into the glorious expanse of continued existence, untrammelled and free, and we deem it a change for the better that shall bring to the spirit greater unfoldment and unalloyed happiness. This is certainly true of our good father who has recently passed within the veil. We have assembled to do honor to his blessed memory, and as brethren and sisters of the household of faith, bound to-

gether by the bonds of spiritual union, let us exercise freedom of spirit and fullness of expression in our meeting."

At the close of these introductory remarks, the opening hymn, by Elder Abraham Perkins, was sung with much feeling.

KINGDOM OF GLORY.

To the clime, the bright home of my fathers
 My soul is attractively drawn,
 I would dwell in the midst of those arbors,
 Where angels harmoniously roam.
 Away on those evergreen shores
 Whose banks are enchantingly dressed,
 With beautiful Paradise flowers,
 O there let my spirit rest.

Away, not so far in that region,
 In vision I view it at hand ;
 And fain would I pluck those bright flowers
 That bloom in that beautiful land.
 A glimpse of the angels before me
 Gives courage,—they beckon me on,
 Hark ! list to their clarion voices,
 Triumphant in victory's song.

They tell me that no voice of slander,
 No hardness of feeling is there,
 No tempest, no war cloud, no danger,
 But heaven, all peaceful and fair.
 They teach me the beauty of order,
 The power of heaven's first law,
 That all who aspire for that Kingdom,
 From carnal affections withdraw.

That if we would have an alliance
 With them in the bright world above,
 Our lives must be peaceful and pure,
 Our element, union and love.
 Pray ope heaven's portals still wider,
 New life to the spirit impart,
 That we may a closer communion
 Enjoy with the pure in heart.

Elder Daniel Offord then spoke as follows :

“Considering the object of our gathering, which is to pay the last tribute of respect to our beloved father, it would be well to state a few facts concerning his life—his story and work.

“Elder Frederic was of English birth and parentage, and he was endowed with the distinguishing characteristics and traits of an Englishman. Indomitable will, perseverance, persistency and a determination to carry out what he believed to be his duty to God and humanity, gave him great force of character and made effective his efforts for good.

“He came to America when he was but twelve years of age, and through the influence and labors of an older brother—George H. Evans—was brought in contact with many of the leading minds of the time, radical reformers who were giving their services in various ways for the amelioration of wrong conditions, and the uplifting of humanity to higher planes of life. He became early imbued with the communistic spirit and was still a young man when in 1830 he visited the Shakers. Being materialistic in his views, it required a demonstration of religion practically worked out to convince him of its virtue or truth. He found a people who were living to do good, who were upright and pure in their lives, and honest in all their dealings with mankind ; a real brotherhood and sisterhood which, to his co-laborers had been but a dream. Not dogmas and creeds, but good works and the spirit of increase and progress recommended the Order of Believers to him, and he embraced the faith and life with ardor and sincerity of purpose. He has always been a staunch and faithful member of the society, and has promulgated its principles with zeal and earnestness, through public speaking and

writing, and through his ministrations in home life. He was eminently practical and took great delight in horticulture and many industries.

“Elder Frederic has been perhaps, the best known to the public of any member of our Order. His correspondence has been extensive and his radical thoughts and ideas have had a wide circulation. Prominent editors and their patrons gave respectful notice to his utterances, even though they were too far in advance of the present time. He received papers from all parts of the world, and often found his articles copied in their columns. So his truthful messages have found their way to many homes and hearts, and in the midst of the great Babylon of sin and confusion many will rise up and call him blessed, declaring that the world is to-day made better for the influence of so noble and strong a character.

“Having great faith in spirit communion which was gained through personal experience, he often remarked that he was conscious of speaking to more souls out of than in the body; he declared that many came to hear the truth and became enlightened and were thus released from conditions of darkness and bondage.

“Though the inclement weather has deterred many valued friends from attending the funeral, whose presence would have augmented our numbers, and whose kindly feeling would have been greatly appreciated, yet without doubt there are many unseen spirits here who are as interested as we are, and who have come to listen and to learn. It will be an occasion of profit to us all. If our hearts are open to receive the truth and we are susceptible to good influences and ministrations, we shall be inspired with new courage, and be lifted into new life.

“It was Elder Frederic’s firm faith that the gospel would increase, and it was a great source of pleasure to him to recount the many changes for the better that had taken place among Believers. The last time we attended meeting here he spoke with great force and clearness, and referred to the unhygienic practices held to in years gone by; he was thankful for the progress that had been made and he hoped we were prepared for the new cycle of progress which would bring a greater cross, and give the power for self-denial and thus redeem from old habits and ways.

“Elder Frederic was a prophet in his time and many of his prophecies have been fulfilled. He knew that certain causes must produce certain effects, and it was his far-reaching vision that helped him to thwart evil and to avert danger and loss. His soul’s interest centered in the eternal good and welfare of the people of his choice, and his large heart and loving sympathy embraced the great brotherhood of man.

I trust we shall be benefitted by all that will be said and sung this afternoon, and that we shall feel the inspiration of the hour.”

The following hymn, written expressly for the occasion by Sister Martha J. Anderson, and set to music by Sister Lucy S. Bowers, was then sung.

LOVE’S TRIBUTE.

The praise of heroes strong and brave
By ancient bards was sung.
Their valor and renown were heard
Extolled by every tongue.
Their brows were wreathed with chaplets fair,
With living laurels twined,
And in the temples of the great
Their memory was enshrined.

CHORUS—Now lofty strains our harps employ
 While we love's tribute bring,
 The true and good alone are great,
 Their praises we will sing.

A noble champion of the truth
 Has laid his armor by,
 His glorious deeds will time outlast,
 While earthly fame will die.
 A pioneer with courage firm
 He stood, where many failed,
 And in the strength of righteousness
 O'er error's host prevailed.—*Cho.*

His life in daily sacrifice
 To Zion's cause he gave,
 And sought through love and charity
 Souls to uplift and save.
 Oh, yet the ransomed will arise
 And bring their gifts the best,
 With glad thanksgiving in their hearts
 To him whose name is blest.—*Cho.*

Oh, glory crowned, we see thee now
 From mortal fetters free,
 Rejoicing in immortal truth
 And perfect liberty.
 Among the groves of evergreen
 With spirits wise and true,
 May sweet communion fill thy soul
 And all thy powers renew.—*Cho.*

After the singing, Eldress Anna White rose and said :

“ My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired
 My soul oppressed ;
 And with desire have I long desired
 Rest—only rest.”

“These lines from the beautiful poem of Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, may not be inappropriately

quoted in referring to *our father*—Elder Frederic. His feet had at last become weary, they failed to carry him whithersoever he would go in the performance of the duties of life. His hands had become tired, they refused to move in consonance with his ever active brain, and he was forced to lay aside the pen and to relinquish manual labor. The weight of the body, therefore, embarrassed and fettered his soul. He wanted rest from that burden—not the kind of rest which is but the indulgence of indolence. Nay. His soul was too much engaged and his heart too much absorbed in the work for the redemption of humanity, for such ease. A more enthusiastic and indefatigable worker the Order has never produced.

“How often have the walls of this house been made to echo with the sound of his voice, and the hearts of the people to quail before the living testimony that flamed like fire in his utterances. He held in his hand the sickle of truth which he wielded fearlessly. He knew it was the only means presented to human agencies by Divine Providence, by which to reap the natural man and woman from the earthly order.

“Out of his mouth went a sharp sword.”

“A sword separates and slays. In proportion as he used the sword of the testimony and found death to his generative nature, resurrection life came to his spirit, and he sought to impress the same truth upon others with forcible arguments, and when speaking under inspiration his countenance was as the sun shining in its strength.”

“Being an acquaintance of forty-four years and one closely connected with Elder Frederic in an official capacity for twenty-eight years, I can testify that he was a pure,

noble, upright man of God. I wish with all my heart there were more like him.

“It is noticeable that few, as in the days of yore, seek ‘the straight gate and narrow way.’ Why is this? There must be a cause. We read of a time, and times, and a half time before the dispensation of the fullness of times, before the ushering in of the Millenium. When war will cease to the ends of the earth and men love each other as brothers the world over, and peace reign, and evils arising from the marriage relation cease to be, because of a return to law and order.

“Each order has its appropriate duty to fulfill, its work to accomplish, the natural order in natural things, and the spiritual order in spiritual things, and the culmination in each order will be to bring forth the new earth to the one, and the new heavens to the other, then will the ‘waste places be filled, and the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose.’ Even now, many are beginning to realize that the life of a people is of greater importance than their creed. Honesty, integrity and purity of character will be our tests and form our credentials in the world beyond. This is the kind of character I wish to form, and experience has taught that it is the best way for the time that now is and for eternity—show me a better way and I will walk in it.

“I feel thankful to meet with gospel relation and with friends not of our Order. Their presence shows their love and respect for our venerable father. We are glad to feel that we have true hearted friends in the world who are in sympathy with us, and in some degree in unison with the principles we have espoused.

“It is with feelings of regret that I part from the visible presence of our dear father. There is an inevitable sad-

ness attendant upon such occasions. Joy and sorrow are interblended, they walk hand in hand with us through life. Each brings its gift for good. Elder Frederic's love will abide with us and be a continual blessing. He believed in spirit communication and I have no doubt there are many spirit intelligences present who are visible to the clairvoyant. These spiritual gifts will, I trust, be always treasured among us and we be profited by them. Just here, I might relate a beautiful vision beheld by Sister Jane Cutler only a few days before Elder Frederic passed out. (See vision below.)

"The assurance of the truth of eternal life is a source of consolation to me. That the spirit lives, moves, and has its being in another form and another state of existence is evidenced in various ways and through diversity of manifestations, the greatest of which is that revealed to the inner consciousness of the soul.

VISION.

"I closed my eyes, and without previous meditation upon any particular subject, there came suddenly before my inner vision a large cross of indescribable beauty, its color was not golden like that of the glittering stars, it was a formation of peculiar and glorious light, which seemed like a combination of pulsating, living intelligences.

"The surface of this cross was covered completely with white roses, perfect in form and appearance and uniform in size. They were not artificial flowers, neither were they natural flowers, but their petals were of exquisite texture, comparable to nothing in this material world.

"I wondered, and guessed in my mind as to the meaning of this vision, saying to myself, it cannot be for me;

a moment later this response came to me: It is for Elder Frederic.

“While I was watching and admiring, one of the roses left its place on the cross and moved a short distance away and held itself suspended, quivering in the air, but was immediately replaced by another of equal purity and loveliness; soon this was followed by another, until all that comprised the first covering had moved away while the beauty of the whole still remained unmarred.

“These blossoms, as they succeeded one another in regular order, formed themselves into a circle, having the cross for a center—only a moment and they began to develope into spirit forms and every one seemed to be agitated with intense desire to communicate something.

“The impression that came to me was, that the roses were symbolic expressions of souls for whom Elder Frederic had toiled in times past, to whom he had shown the glorious *cross of Christ*, by which he had taught them to live, and on which he had encouraged them to sacrifice the life of nature for the sake of the life divine, many of whom were now triumphing with him in righteousness and truth.

“The whole, I realized to be, emblematical of his life and life labor, the power and effects of which he himself believed extended far beyond the confines of this earthly sphere.”

Elder Calvin G. Reed followed; he said:

“It is with great pleasure that I speak to-day in praise of an old friend. There are but few in this assembly who were here when Elder Frederic united with this Community. I had one year advantage of him. I joined in 1829 and he in 1830; he was then twenty-two years of age and has continued faithful to the principles he then

espoused, because he espoused them understandingly, and has for sixty years ministered the truths of the everlasting gospel of salvation as revealed to him through the Order. Jesus was not a teacher of man-made creeds, but spoke as he was moved by the Divine Spirit. I am a witness that there is a ministration of the spirit to those who give themselves in sincere labor for the life that perishes not.

“Saint Paul was an honest man even before his conversion. When on his way to Damascus he carried out the principles he deemed right. He met something new however; those with him, having ears heard not, but they saw a great light. Paul saw the light and he also heard a voice which spoke to his soul and changed him from a persecutor to a disciple of Jesus Christ, and a minister of Christ’s Gospel.

“Some may ask the reason of our belief in immortality. We know we shall live again, first, by communication received from intelligences already separated from the body, next, by reason of our intuitions. The spiritualistic manifestations which, during the past forty years, have attracted so much attention in the world, began among our people, and it was foretold to us that these manifestations would leave us to go out to the most distant parts of the earth, and after doing their work in the outside world, would return to us, that in the meantime we would decrease in numbers until a little child could count the members, after which souls would flock to our doors to learn the way of salvation.

“We are assured that the truths of Shakerism are spreading, and men are receiving from the spirit world inspiration that is causing them to lead purer lives. I am confident that many of the brethren and sisters who have left us, are

now here with us in spirit. All who follow the truth and live the life will receive that illumination which will join them to the spirit spheres."

Elder George Wilcox next addressed the company. Though still suffering from traces of recent illness and the fatigue of his journey from Enfield, Ct., he spoke with marked impressiveness and effect; he said:

"In behalf of the societies of Enfield and Hancock, I am here to pay the last tribute of love and respect to the memory of our father and friend. Many other brethren and sisters from these societies would have been present if the roads had been passable, as all preparations were made for the journey, but the knowledge that travel was dangerous compelled them to forego the privilege much to the disappointment of all. I felt, however, ready to brave any danger that I might with you render an offering of blessing, of appreciation and undying love to this great, grand and good old man. Upon a similar occasion, that of attending the funeral of Elder Daniel Boler, Elder Frederic took for his text 'Pay what you owe.' We should certainly pay what we owe, and if we cannot pay all that we owe, we should pay what we can. We of Enfield owe a large debt of gratitude to Elder Frederic and his associates for their many services to the Enfield Society. We, in our turn, must be true to the trust reposed in us, true to each other, true to the cause, and thus in a measure, cancel the debt.

"Elder Frederic was a born leader and a natural orator. He was not versed in rhetoric or elocution, but I have known him to hold audiences spell-bound for hours with the power of his eloquence. In a very recent letter to me he wrote: 'All history shows that orators come up spon-

taneously, they are not products, they come when needed ; the occasion developes them. Patrick Henry was brought out suddenly, a surprise to himself and to every one else.' When we find a people who want the gospel, which is 'the power of God unto salvation,' any one who is in possession of it, will be able to administer it.

"For twenty years I have been studying to know and appreciate my friends while they are yet with me, and the application of this study has brought satisfaction and peace to my soul. The tendency of human beings is to eulogize their relatives and friends *after* they have passed over ; that is right, but does it not denote greater righteousness to do so *before* they pass over ? instead of feeding upon their sins and transgressions. This is a great wrong, and especially so when indulged in by those who profess to be disciples of Jesus and Ann.

"In the same letter, just referred to, Elder Frederic writes in answer to my commendation of the great good he had accomplished: 'Respecting the good I may have done in my day and time, I am not the proper judge. If measured by my desire, my intention, it would be quite a treasure. Measured by facts, I am glad of all the success that has been achieved. I think the whole Order of Believers may thank God and take courage. While error dies amidst her worshippers, truth lives among her most bitter and cruel persecutors. *She* never dies.' "

The gift of love from gospel kindred having been fittingly received, the choir sang :

THE ANGELS ARE COMING.

There is joy for the faithful in Zion,
They who willingly toil for the Lord,
For I hear a sweet song of rejoicing,
They shall reap a righteous reward.
Let it roll through the arches of heaven,
Let it rise on the crest of the sea :
The angels, the angels are coming,
They are coming for you and for me.

Elder Timothy Rayson was the next speaker.

“I appreciate the beautiful sentiment of the song we have just sung. Truly ‘there is joy for the faithful’ when they have doffed the mortal for the immortal. The noble spirit who has just passed out was one of God’s messengers of truth. He was fearless and bold in declaring the words of eternal life. Endowed with the power of thought and the gift of utterance, his public ministration was effective. If I possessed the same talent I would deem it a great blessing. I became acquainted with Elder Fred-eric more than forty years ago. When I was a youth he came to Philadelphia in company with others on a mission, and gathered my father and part of his family to Believer’s faith ; others united at the same time, and they formed a band of earnest, truth loving souls.

“I have always found our departed brother to be a just and upright man ; true, he had faults and eccentricities, but who has not ? None have passed entirely beyond human frailties.

“For twelve years I was closely connected with him in official capacity, and can testify to the goodness of his heart, and his abounding charity towards others. Though stern and uncompromising when principle was at stake, and firm in his adherence to right, yet he had a tender and

loving nature, and his love was reciprocated by those who knew him best. We did not always see eye to eye or agree on all points; yet I was made better by association with him, and under his ministrations I learned that to be humble and teachable in spirit was the wisest and best way. I am glad of this opportunity my dear brethren and sisters to unite with you who are paying a tribute of respect to our worthy father. The gospel standard is left for us to bear aloft, and the pure testimony is ours to proclaim; let us not shrink from the battles of life, nor grow cold or indifferent, but take up the burdens that are laid down by others with hope and courage, and carry forward with zeal and earnestness the cause of human redemption."

The reading of an original article entitled "Blessings on his Memory," by Sister Martha J. Anderson, followed.

"Let us be grateful without idolatry, without worship of any sort, to the memory of those divinely illumined men, who have from time to time advanced the human species in knowledge, wisdom and goodness. Let us reverence and love all who have acted and suffered in the great cause of Beneficence.

"A glorious spirit has passed from our midst, with character well rounded, and with fullness of years; a bright luminary, whose light will be missed from the galaxy of lesser stars. More than sixty years of righteous living, leaves an influence that will long remain to bless.

"As the Phonograph takes on waxen cylinders the impress of sound-waves to be repeated with exactness whenever the instrument is set in motion, so are our thoughts, feelings and actions,—which are the expressions of our inner-self—enstamped on our surroundings, and are silently but surely reflected on all who come in the aura of our sphere.

Sensitives upon entering apartments, feel the states of persons who have previously occupied them and have truthfully described their conditions of body and mind.

“It was said that in the time of the great spiritual manifestations among ‘Believers,’ mediums saw and read the history of individuals written on the walls of the dwellings, having been engraved there by the subtle element of magnetism, so is our good father’s individuality impressed on many things and in many places. His soul purposes are inwrought in all his labors of love, and we trace—without the gift of clairvoyance—the golden lines inscribed on the pages of a long and useful life. In the home where the greater part of his earthly years have been spent, we mark the thorough work of his hands, the intellectual impress of his mind, and the loving guidance of his heart.

“While we do homage to the great and good of the past, let us not forget to honor and reverence our ‘latest benefactors, the expositors of intolerance, the overthrowers of the cruel substitutions of force for argument, and the furtherers of the love of reason, and rational religion.’”

Elder Frederic had a large and comprehensive organization, finely proportioned and of delicate structure. He was refined in sensibility, and possessed a lofty tone of mind; he had great force of character and persistence in putting into execution every thing he considered worthy of attention, and this marked proclivity was manifest in every act of his life.

When in England in the year 1871 his phrenological character was thus truly delineated.

“The coronal brain is full in development and remarkably harmonious. Your power of adaptation to various forms of human life is great. You have much enthusiasm,

faith and anticipation ; are seldom or never discouraged ; do not look on the dark side of things nor borrow trouble. You are fearless and untrammelled by suspicions or forebodings. Your friendship, sympathies and charity are large, and your mind is eminently progressive and desirous of extending good to all.

“ You appreciate the sublime, the grand, the sacred ; you see the finger of God everywhere, and the whole temple is a temple in which to worship Him in every act of life.

“ The perceptive powers are well balanced with the reflective and inspirational faculties. You are enthusiastic without being fanatical, and practical without being materialistic. Your powers of reflection are subservient to uses, and you have few theories that are not derived from practical experience. Your mind is adapted for writing and speaking, as well as the body is for work, and you are necessarily interested in human progress.”

Was not the latter the watchword of the great reformer's life ? How earnest his desire was that Believers should move upward and onward into the cycle of increase, when old things were to be done away and all things to become new.

He was a grand old prophet, whose prescience forecast the future with clearness ; and while we draw aside the filmy veil of mortal imperfections, and realize that the divine was more than the human, we see the noble, the upright and true man glorified in the benignity of immortal love and truth.

His name is honored and his memory is tenderly cherished by those who know and love him best ; and though he has crossed the threshold of mortality, his power for good will not be diminished, for he has joined the mighty

host of spiritual workers, whose interest in the affairs of earth is heightened by their enlarged view of the great wrongs that need rectifying, and who often return to impress and enlighten those who have the good of humanity at heart, and are seeking to elevate souls to higher planes of existence. Are not the words of the beloved Master true. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

Oh what a glorious destiny
Awaits the human soul,
Beyond a brief mortality
Where higher powers control.
And step by step, a starry way
Will mark its progress on,
Rejoicing in unclouded day
When perfect victory's won.

The company of singers then joined in singing the hymn "Christ Angels," composed some years ago by Elder Fred-eric, and which is here appended :

CHRIST ANGELS.

My heart is in the Spirit world,
My soul is roaming there,
I dwell amid the denizens
Of that bright land so fair.
Like seasons in this earthly sphere
The cycles come and go,
Their ceaseless eons none may see,
They are not counted so.

Years follow years, the centuries pass,
And thus earth-ages roll,
Unnumbered figures may not tell
The history of the soul ;
Its days are deeds, its years are shown
By changes in it wrought,
It lives when God's own Spirit rules
The secret springs of thought.

Then O my soul immortal,
 Thou canst never, never die,
 While truth to feed thee shall exist,
 And love to vivify.
 The angels in the inner sphere
 In age eternal—all—
 In God they live, in God they move,
 God is their all in all.

They sing to us in accents sweet,
 The music of their sphere,
 "Arise, and stand upon your feet,
 We come, our home is here.
 No more shall war with direful curse
 Stain earth with human gore,
 Contending armies fight for right,
 The reign of sin is o'er."

New earth and heavens are coming up,
 The old fast fade away,
 The night of antichrist is o'er,
 All hail the coming day!
 Blest gospel kindred firm and strong,
 Cheer up, your zeal renew,
 Leave all the errors of the past,
 Christ angels are with you.

The following poem by Sister Annie R. Stephens, was then read by Brother Paul Tyner:

IN HONOR OF OUR FATHER.

The legend of mortality, wondrous story!
 Mysterious Death hath claimed a royal soul,
 And changed the mortal to immortal glory,
 And oped the portal to the starry goal.

Why doubt? the vernal May-time bringeth
 Unto the arid wastes new bud and bloom,
 Blest emblem! hark, the deathless spirit singeth
 Of hope an life beyond the narrow tomb.

Beneath the weight of eighty long years bending
We watched thee as thou passed from outer sight,
And knew the spirit heavenward was trending,
So soon to walk the harvest fields of light.

Tho' passed within the veil, we still shall cherish
Thy deeds so loyal, spotless, grand and true ;
Thro' time thy memory,—never can it perish
While bright stars traverse the celestial blue.

Adown the years our eyes are backward glancing,
The light, the shadow and the gloom we scan,
Thy work of truth, the cause of man advancing,
Thy prayer, to live by God's imperial plan.

O martyr soul ! so dauntless, strong and fearless,
Firm as an ocean rock, wise, loyal, true ;
Thou'st waited, watched, while days grew sad and cheerless,
And hoped the dark and starless night-time through.

Thy Spartan spirit knew no fear, no trial,
In constant protest against every wrong ;
Sublime thy courage through all self-denial,
And great thy soul, so eloquent and strong.

Oh well we know thy life was full in beauty ;
The gold of love, the pearls of trust we find ;
And jewels rare—integrity in duty,
These our treasures thou hast left behind.

We thought to bring the bitterness of *weeping*,
But tune our requiems to *joy*, instead,
For nothing but the weary dust lies sleeping,
The soul, it lives again—it is not dead.

Our eyes now pierce the deep and misty spaces,
We see thee upward mount on waves of light,
We look beyond where angels veil their faces,
Lo ! thou art there arrayed in garments white.

We listen, while like mighty billows swelling
 And breaking in a high, white crested foam,
 We hear a chorus,—'tis the grand upwelling
 As angels bear thee, conquering hero, home.

And we will join the glad, triumphant chorus,
 Still to our hearts and love thou'lt ever cling,
 And while thy peace and blessing still are o'er us
 May angels waft our soul's thank-offering.

The following original sonnet was then read by Cora C. Vinneo.

PRAISE TO THE HERO.

Rest noble hero, all life's battles won,
 Thy stalwart spirit never waned nor quailed,
 Though hosts of sin with threatening arms assailed.
 But like the fearless chief of Marathon,
 Fought bravely where the struggle had begun,
 And in the strength of righteousness prevailed.
 Thy faith stood by thee like a vestal veiled
 To tell which path to tread and which to shun;
 Thy hope was like the oracle of God,
 Foretelling wisdom when our eyes were blind,
 Thy soul hath known the way the prophets trod,
 In meekness lofty, and in love refined,
 And as we say the long and last farewell,
 We know a *prince* has left our Israel.

Mark M. Pomeroy, of New York, President of the Atlantic Pacific Tunnel, was then called upon and made an exceedingly sympathetic and impressive address, in the course of which he said :

" *My friends*: I have come here from the city of New York that I might prove by my presence, the love and respect I had, and have, for one of your great teachers—that I might prove to you, possibly, by my presence, how much I appreciated and do appreciate the good which has

come from him in his life and work. And my good wife came with me because she too felt that this much was due from us to a man whose life was so well expended in efforts for others. It was she who suggested and went out and had made the emblem, so appropriate, of a ripened sheaf which we brought with us and have laid on his coffin—emblematic of the one who has passed on to the land of the leal. He passed on *ripe* to the better world, leaving seeds which you who remain will sow and cultivate, until time again brings forth from them many golden thoughts and deeds—golden grain from the sowing.

“This is the first time I have ever attended the funeral ceremonies incident to your Order, and it is very pleasant to me because of the absence of gloom and sombreness. I do not like the black and sombre trappings common to funerals. I like the light. And you will permit me to say that our friend, your father, has passed on to the light.

“Some years ago, I was attracted to the spiritualistic philosophy. I had been brought up differently; but I began the study of spiritualism and rose up from that study convinced that God and man are one—that all of us, the little boys on those back benches equally with the gray-haired men, are parts of the Universal God—the immanent Deity. I have passed beyond the lines of blind belief into the region of absolute knowledge that *there is no such thing as death*—except in the process of release from the material body—that life is continuous and is constantly up-building here the character of the life hereafter.

“A few days since there came into my office, in New York, a man past three score and ten years of age—a man who for many years had been more than prominent in the politics of this state and who had held high public office.

He said to me : 'I am tired of life ; my property has gone, my position is gone and I am a *has-been*. My good wife and I are living on the little salary of a place given to me by a friend out of charity, and where I don't know whether I am wanted or not.'

"I said, 'What does wealth amount to?' He replied that it was everything to him. But I reminded him that in the life to come a bank account would be nothing, while it was only what good he had done to humanity that would give him place and rank. To this he replied that he believed that when he died, that would be the end of him. I tried to convince him that there is such a thing as a future existence ; but he refused to believe it. Dark, indeed, is the life of such a man.

"Another man, who came into the office recently, said : 'I understand you are a spiritualist? How can you believe in such an absurdity?'

" 'What is an absurdity?' I asked.

" 'Why that men live after death and can come back and communicate with you.'

"I told him of the evidence which convinced me of these facts, but I could not make him believe the truth. It was like singing a symphony of Beethoven's to that stove pipe.

"These were two men whom I knew, and who were without the light of belief in a future life. The third man was Elder Frederic W. Evans, Father Frederic as you affectionately call him—a man the antithesis, the exact opposite of the two men I have mentioned ; a man who believed that life here is only a preparation for the life beyond, and that man's duty to himself here was to develop the greatest amount of spirituality possible in himself. Coming out

from the poverty and darkness of materialism into the light, he proved that he was indeed a son of God, as we are all sons of God if we will only not blind ourselves to the truth. It was his big, loving heart that said to every one, 'bring your all to God; come with me in this direction, leaving the material things to those who need them longer!' And upon those who heard him, when once turned in the right direction, he impressed the spiritual philosophy, the real philosophy of life.

"Eldress Anna has spoken of the fewness of your numbers. Allow me to say that has nothing to do with it and is no reason for discouragement. When Lord Baltimore came to this country, he planted in the city bearing his name, the seed of the first Seckel pear tree. That sweet and delicious fruit which is now gathered every year in all parts of the country, from almost countless trees, all sprung from the tree of Lord Baltimore's planting. So while many have done well as teachers, this man, who for years has been your friend, your teacher, your father, as you love to call him, was filled with the love and the strength which those who are good, love to give to the good, and from the seeds he planted, will spring up like trees, other teachers of the truths he taught.

"In the olden times, when a warrior was brought home on the shoulders of his companions, it was said: 'A great warrior has fallen!' I say that a great warrior has *risen*! He has risen, as all who follow his teachings will rise, warriors and conquerors.

"So, I am proud to be with you to-day, proud to testify to the worth of a man, who, while he was *in* the world, was not *of* the world. It was my pleasure to read of Elder Frederic before I met him, and many a thought of his,

printed on paper I have taken up and studied and tried to send it further on. In many of those thoughts are great truths that will be eternally handed down. I met him for the last time about three months ago, and still later, received a letter from him—probably one of the last he wrote, in which, after references to some matters of business, he conveyed to me sensible and affectionate counsel, characteristic of him. Monday afternoon, I received a telegram from Elder Daniel stating that Elder Frederic had passed away and the funeral would be held to-day. Going to my home in the upper part of the city, at the close of the day's business, I went into my library, where I sometimes receive communications from those who have passed into the spirit spheres, and there I received a communication from one of my spirit friends, who shortly said: 'I step aside a moment to make room for one who desires to send a message.'

" 'His name?' I asked.

" 'Dr. Maxwell,' was the reply.

" 'Very well, said I. Dr. Maxwell, I remembered as the name of one who was well known as 'the Quaker Spiritualist' and who by voice and pen had been long an exponent of the spiritual philosophy. He came, and through the means of communication, said: 'I bring you a message from Elder Frederic Evans.'

'Yes, I thank Elder Frederic,' said I, 'for honoring me with a message to his people. What does he wish to say?'

'He wished you to say to Eldress Anna and Elder Daniel that he is well and happy and is already investigating his whereabouts to see what work he can do, and as soon as the conditions are favorable he will communicate more to them. He wishes you to say further, that he finds life in the spirit world all and more than he anticipated, and asks

you to give his love to all his dear friends at the North Family and to all in Mount Lebanon. Knowing your purpose to be present at the funeral, we charge you with this message.'

"And so I deliver to you, this message from beyond the tomb of one who was a good father to all of you. All who, like him, have helped humanity, will rise like him into fuller, happier life. He has left his worn out house for you to put aside, but, in putting it aside, you will not, you cannot if you would, put aside the living memory of your teacher, your father and your hero. I thank you for your kind attention."

The close of friend Pomeroy's remarks was followed by the singing of a short hymn by all the company.

Brother James Little was the next speaker. Among other things, he said: "I first heard Elder Frederic speak from the spot I now occupy on this floor. Though he has passed from the material form, he is not dead. He is with us yet. I love to hear the testimony given this day of the worth of that great, grand old man. He was ever an aggressive warrior in the strife with sin; never on the defensive, but always fearless and foremost in the attack. Take him in the prime of his manhood, or take him in the sere and yellow leaf of his life, and you always found him wielding a Damascus blade, cutting evil keen and deep. Corruption in high places trembled at his blows. He was an enemy to sham and hypocrisy, and above all, he hated cant. This was bred in the bone and came out in the flesh. As has been said, he was a typical Englishman and had all the characteristic bull-dog tenacity of the English. When he got his grip on wrong or error, he never let go. The ruling passion was strong in death. Only a week ago, when I

visited him, he said : ' James, I had a vision in the night. The room was filled with radiance and the linking of Church and State in this country was made so manifest to me that I could see clearly how it will all end.'

"I said to him ' Why did you not go to your desk and write down all that was shown to you while it was fresh in your mind ?' ' I could not,' he answered, ' I wanted to and tried to—the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.'

"The battle is now on and it is for us to do all that we can to prevent the link from being welded. Let us take to heart the lesson of the French Revolution with its reign of terror, which, as has been shown, sprung from the union of Church and State in France.

"Elder Frederic leaves us a home which he did much to build up and beautify. Let us keep it intact and in its integrity, pure and unsullied. He was always a friend of the poor and unfortunate and we should remember that the poor and afflicted are always with us."

Brother James closed his remarks with appropriate quotations from Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," and his "Hymn of Life."

Brother Paul Tyner followed in a brief address. He said, in the course of his remarks :

"Though my personal acquaintance with our departed father was only of a few months duration, the ties of affection and respect knitted me closely to him and I feel that I have lost in him one who was indeed a guide, counsellor and friend—a wise and tender gospel father. We cannot help feeling the sadness of bereavement in the loss of his visible presence. But we know that he is not dead. We know that the form of clay resting yonder, is only the reflection of the real man—the poor, broken, fading shadow

of his immortal spirit. He has doffed his earthly, toil-worn garment only to don the celestial robe, woven during a long lifetime of pure and righteous thinking and acting—the robe in which it is most fitting he should appear in the presence of the King, his Father, to which he has been summoned.

“One of the profoundest of modern philosophers has defined a hero to be *‘one who sacrifices the world and its enjoyments to an idea.’* Surely all will agree that our revered and beloved father fulfilled this definition of a hero, although his name did not fill the mouths of the populace, and his renown was not that which gives a glamor to civic or military greatness. He gave his life unreservedly and absolutely to an idea—to the idea which Shakerism embodies in its grand and rugged purity, the divine idea of mankind’s redemption through the purification of the relations between men and women. Seeing the sin of the age, the root of all the evils that afflict humanity in our modern social system, to be unchastity, he accepted with all his heart the revelation of the Spirit of Christ—the spirit of truth—through Ann Lee, that the salvation of the race must be worked out by its purification from sensualism and a return to chastity; by the utter abandonment of all fleshly lusts that war against the spirit, shackling it to earthly illusion, and blinding it to the sublime realities of life.

“In taking up his cross and following Christ in the regeneration, he made a declaration of his soul’s independence from the tyranny of the world, and he pledged his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to maintain that independence. How well he kept his pledge is told in the story of his half-a-century and more of untiring and active

effort in Zion's cause. He gave us the sublime example of a life in which all the powers, gifts and talents of a singularly original and strong individuality were consecrated to the service of God, in the service of the society which he verily believed held a divine commission for the doing of God's work on earth.

"In one of the last talks I had with dear Elder Frederic, when the shadow of the Angel of Death was already upon him, he said: 'I was a radical reformer before I became a Shaker and I am a radical reformer still. The world will not easily understand how I could consistently be a priest and a patriarch, and yet champion the cause of true democracy—of the masses who toil against the classes who plunder them of the product of their toil; an advocate of popular suffrage and popular education, of the rights of men and women to the land in usufruct, of the political, economic and social equality of the sexes; nor how I could be the foe of so called Sabbatarianism and of the anti-christian churches which have ever been the ally of the rich and powerful in the oppression of the poor, and which are now menacing the very existence of the republic by the efforts made to consummate a union of Church and State, of which the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday is but the first link. But I believe,' he went on, 'that I have been entirely consistent and that this will be perceived clearly when the relation of Shakerism to secular reforms is better understood.'

"We are aware that, when Elder Frederic came into our Order, his intellectual point of view was materialistic—a negation of the existence of God and spirit and of any life beyond the material one. But the radical reformer became a rational religionist, as he tells us in his "Autobiography"

—becoming convinced by arguments presented, not to his intellect, but to his spiritual senses. Just what this evidence was he has not told us. It was probably of a nature not readily translatable into words and to be comprehended only by the spiritually awakened. Was there ever a saying so full of wisdom and so true as that of Pascal? ‘The things of men must be understood, in order to be loved; the things of God must be loved in order to be understood!’ Beginning with a love for truth, for purity and uprightness, the comprehension of these things must have come to Elder Frederic sooner or later. The divine purpose ordered and directed him in the way by which it came quickly.

“Elder Frederic was himself an illustration of the application of Pascal’s saying to persons, as well as to things. One had to love the brave and rugged old father to understand him. It was necessary to love and to know him to perceive that his faults were on the surface, while his virtues had their roots deep in his royal heart. Goethe has said that ‘true love should include even the faults of the beloved one.’ If we could not love our good father’s faults, we certainly could forgive them. If in our weakness, we could not at times help being grieved, pained or annoyed by some of the things he said or did, or by his manner—or lack of manner, in saying or doing—how trivial these crosses would seem to us when reflection would cause us to do justice to the real man and remember his better side! After all, with Elder Frederic, as with every other truly great character that ever lived, his faults were just the faults, the shading and the lines and angles, which the Almighty in His wisdom deemed necessary (quite as necessary as the virtues, the lights and curves and bright colors,) in the make-up of the distinct individuality of the

man. Our system has been accused of a tendency to destroy individuality ; but Elder Frederic affords a striking proof that Shakerism is capable of conserving, developing and directing individuality into channels of greatest utility. His individuality, taken all in all, was that best adapted for the work he was given to do. His faults were the faults inseparable from the mighty nature conscious of his mission, convinced of its transcendent importance and possessed in every fibre with a holy and consuming zeal. He bent all things else to this zeal, determined to do his whole duty to God and his fellow-men, relaxing no effort in his Master's service while an atom of strength remained. If the hero is not a hero to his valet, it is not because the hero is less a hero, but because the valet is a valet. Recent writers who have sought to belittle the character of Jesus of Nazareth, cite his faults to prove that he was not a perfect man. And of course he was not perfect in that sense, any more than Elder Frederic was. Let us be very glad that he was not, for if he lacked a single one of these faults he would not have been what he was. He would not have been at once the most powerful and the gentlest, the most lovable and the most charming manifestation of the divine in man and of man in the divine, that the world has ever known."

Here followed a poem by Sister Cecelia Devere, entitled

BE YE COMFORTED.

The battle days are over, and the armor laid aside,
We have crowned thee with green laurels and we look to thee with pride.
Thou hast been our trusted leader, thro' each tempest-like affray,
We have followed in thy footsteps when we scarce could see the way.
Thou hast been to us a beacon, a star of glad surprise,
For thy hope was like the shining of the fair millennial skies,

When the mirk of earth's combustion shall no longer shed its gloom ;
When the rising sun of righteousness shall bring the earth to bloom.
Thou hast been a standard bearer up the mountain's rugged steep ;
Thou hast crossed the yawning chasm where the raging torrents leap ;
Thou hast lighted signal watch-fires with a flame that cannot fade ;
Thou hast left thy banner floating o'er the pathway thou hast made.
And thy voice hath been a clarion's of no uncertain sound
That awoke the sleeping echoes on the dull enchanted ground.
For thy soul hath been a prophet's and thy eye hath been a seer's,
And the gift of revelation was the halo of thy years.
What thy mind hath comprehended was beyond the present time,
'Twas the future of our Zion in a cycle more sublime.
It was said to ancient people who advancing truths bemoaned
" Were there any of the prophets that your father's never stoned ?
" Were there any of the messengers who came as he had willed
" But were met by persecution and tortured, torn and killed ?"
But the mantle of the martyrs was thro' the ages borne,
And the multitude with passion sought him by whom 'twas worn.
And when a life was sacrificed, it stronger, holier grew,
Till earth could find no weapon to pierce its glory through.
It was heavy as the armor when it glittered through the fight,
But it came to be the raiment of the saints that walk in white.
In this vesture thou hast gathered the blessing from above,
For snow-white truth is interlined with azure of pure love.
So we bring to thee our offering of love profound and true,
With the flowers of consolation thy pathway we would strew,
For our sympathies are fountains from gratitude's deep well,
And our tide waves of affection around thy spirit swell.
Thro' this transit, loyal feelings like angels will be near,
And our prayers will go before thee to thy soul's awaiting sphere.
We will claim thy ministration, we will hold and draw thee nigh,
For there is no separation in the love that cannot die.

One who has recently joined the Order briefly eulogized Elder Frederic's intellectual clearness and comprehensive grasp of the questions of the day, but said that she had been most impressed by his beautiful humility.

Sister Eliza Rayson, speaking with much emotion, assured the company that she knew Elder Frederic was rejoicing in spirit, in his freedom from the clog of the body. "I feel his presence here," she continued; "he is not alone, but has come with Elder Giles and many other good spirits."

Sister Catharine Allen's offering emphasized the fact that "Elder Frederic was not only a great man but a *good* man. We cannot all attain to the measure of his greatness, perhaps, but every one who will seek the same deep baptism of a pure heart may attain to the same goodness and the same purity of life. All of us may seek for the Christ in our hearts, as he did, and find in the Christ Spirit a fountain of strength and of truth."

The following letter from J. M. Peebles, M. D., the well known spiritualistic speaker and writer, called the "Spiritual Pilgrim" who accompanied Elder Frederic on his trips to Europe in 1871 and in 1887, and who for years has been a close and valued friend, was then read by Eldress Anna White:

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, March 3, 1893.

ANNA WHITE, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

My Dear Friend and Sister:—Your letter dropped in upon me this day like a thunder-clap. Its news both saddened and quite surprised me. I had supposed that our dear Elder was in his usual good health, though becoming gradually weaker and riper for the harvest of immortality. I drop everything in the line of business, saying to myself: Let the dead bury the dead—let the sick in San Antonio care for the sick. I must write to you, and through you, to the brothers and sisters of the North Family and others also. Truly a master man in Israel is about falling; a cedar in our spiritual Lebanon is tottering from its foundation. The new birth, called death, is waiting to receive a noble, grand and lion-hearted hero;—one who has fought for

the truth, fought valiantly, and whose face bears the scars of many a moral battlefield. A portion of your letter touched me keenly.

When you say that this great prophet-soul seems at times mystified, and thinks that "you would unravel the mystery, define what is to be his future and make arrangements for him accordingly."

It so reminds me of the last tour we made to England. He would so often mislay or misplace his papers. Then he would say, "Brother James, you must come and arrange these papers; you must come and get them into some shape." He would tell me that one or some other one he had lost or misplaced, and of course I would immediately assist him in overhauling his correspondence and papers and aid him in properly adjusting them. I can see that his mind is failing with his body—the dear, saintly old man and fellow-worker. How many thousand reminiscences flash upon my mind when I mention his name! How vividly I remember the first time I met him in New York, upon the public platform; and how I listened to his earnest, eloquent and thundering tones, of reform, and progress, and spirituality, and Shaker theology!

It made upon my mind an undying impression. Yea, he said to me repeatedly that if he passed over the river first, (and he probably should,) he wanted me to be present at his funeral; wanted me to give an address, as I had traveled with him so much—especially in England and Scotland and also Ireland. He also wished me to write his biography. This he told me several times; but he may have changed his mind within the last two or three years. Of this I know nothing.

But now to the point. Should he drop suddenly away, could I, can I, leave my patients in the city and my patients at the sanitarium and come to Mt. Lebanon to deliver a funeral address, summarising the principal movements of his life, or can I not?

I will think of this very seriously to-day, this evening, and drop you a line from my own hand to-morrow or next day. In the meantime I will certainly prepare something for the occasion of his translation from this earth-land of trial and suffering to the better land of immortality. My heart is too full to write more just at present through my amanuensis.

Give my love to Elder Daniel and the sisters and brothers all, and especially to Elder Frederic. Very sincerely yours,

JAMES M. PEEBLES.

Sister Ann Offord while offering her tribute was suddenly controlled by the spirit of Elder Frederic, who, manifesting through her mediumship spoke for several moments with characteristic power and vigor. He urged his hearers to be firm in maintaining the gospel in its purity, and not to be led aside by fallacies and delusions of the flesh, however alluring they might seem. He also very touchingly gave thanks and love to all who attended upon him at the last, saying he knew that he had been a great care and burden and expressing his heartfelt gratitude to every one who had done him a service, however small.

Sister Catherine Van Houten said she had known Elder Frederic fifty years, and remembered his baptism in the gift of preaching, which occurred in this meeting house. Much of his success and his growth in goodness and in usefulness, should be attributed to the fact that he was always ready to humble himself and accept the ministrations of the spirit.

Eldress Rosetta Hendrickson, of Watervliet, in returning thanks for the gift of love sent by the meeting to gospel kindred at Watervliet, and especially to the beloved Ministry, took occasion to pay a tribute of praise to Elder Frederic's pure and noble character and to acknowledge the widespread influence of his life and work. She had no doubt that his efforts in Zion's cause would be redoubled, now that he is out of the body, and that he would be a minister to Believer's, not only at Mount Lebanon, but that he would visit among all the societies.

Sister Minerva Reynolds and Margaret Gibson also spoke briefly, voicing their convictions of Elder Frederic's purity and elevation of character. Most touching was the testimony of Sister Agnes Lee who, with her natural sister

Janet, had been gathered by Elder Frederic during his last visit to Scotland. She never could be too thankful, she said for the ministration of truth and of salvation which she had received through Elder Frederic, and in his presence had always experienced a blessed and beautiful influence which she knew to be the outbreathing of his pure and noble character. In leaving her native land, her home and friends, she felt no misgivings, for she intuitively knew that he was worthy of her perfect trust and confidence.

In closing the meeting, which had lasted more than three hours, Elder Daniel Offord said :

“Elder Frederic’s life was built on the firm foundation of the principles of Mother Ann Lee’s gospel. He was careful that there should be no infringement of the law of chastity and true virgin celibacy. Any one coming into our Order under false pretenses, with an intention to subvert the purity of our faith and life, was always met with a testimony that was as a consuming fire. His spirit was keen against all worldliness and the lusts of the flesh.

“He was a close scriptural student, and was apt in the application of texts from sacred writings, often to the confounding of those who argued with him on religious points. Believing that true science and religion harmonized, and that the natural and spiritual belonged together in the home life, he taught physiology and hygiene, and after many years of effort succeeded in abolishing a meat diet from our family table.

“In ‘the increase of the kingdom of righteousness to order and establish it, there shall be no end;’ but this increase I believe will be on the lines laid down by our worthy father, the pioneer reformer, who has proved to us by his long life, freedom from disease, and sound mind,

that purity, self denial, and obedience to the laws of life ensure good results.

“Elder Frederic believed in progress through successive cycles, and that Believers would pass through seven cycles of increase; we were on the eve of a new opening, and must be preparing ourselves to move forward with the unfolding light and knowledge of the present. The spiritual should be paramount to the temporal; with the increase of earthly cares and burdens, we have grown lax in our spiritual ministrations, and have in a measure failed to reach that blessing which we can only possess, as did the good patriarch of old, by continued wrestling with the angel of God. When the divine influence is uppermost in our Zion homes, and the righteousness of the kingdom of Christ be made manifest, then there will be souls prepared by the Spirit, who will come for something more than the ‘loaves and the fishes.’ ‘They who hunger and thirst for righteousness’ will find the bread and waters of life and salvation, and consecrate all to this glorious cause.

“I know there are many of my brethren and sisters who share in these sentiments.

“There are now necessary duties to be attended to, and as our religion is practical, it is best expressed in the right performance of every act of life.

“I thank all who have attended our services and all who have contributed to the meeting, in honoring the memory of our worthy father. To the friends present who are not of our Order, we also extend our sincere thanks, your attendance and quiet attention we take as a mark of sincere respect, which we appreciate.”

Brother Levi Shaw, our good deacon, spoke briefly, saying: “I thank the brethren and sisters in behalf of Elder

Frederic. I have had a long acquaintance with the deceased, for more than half a century, and have always known him to be a loving brother, a trusted leader, and a faithful minister of the testimony of truth. His labors of love will bring him the reward and blessing that follow as a sure recompense for well doing."

The closing song, entitled "My Home Above" by sister Lucy S. Bowers, was then sung.

I see the glory of the heavenly world,
Beautiful home above,
Mansions shining in the golden light
Of eternal truth and love.

CHO.—Yet a little while and I'll be there,
Yet a little while and I'll be there,
Will you go with me? will you go with me?
There is room enough for all to share.

I hear the echo of an angel voice
Calling me, Oh what cheer!
Sorrow vanishes and hope grows bright
As the meeting time draws near.

CHO.—Yet a little while—

THE BURIAL.

Perhaps a short account of the closing of Elder Frederic's notable career will be interesting.

A more characteristic day of his life and ministration could not have been chosen for the funeral. His life had been fraught with intense mental and physical activity, and he had a spirit and force, that in one more ambitious of distinction, might have wrought mighty deeds, but he "turned the battle to the gate," conquered his own spirit and in the strength of truth was ever on the alert to strive

against error in spite of every obstacle, and with iconoclastic weapons to overthrow false systems and theologies.

He carried the same spirit in his temporal labors ; no day was too stormy to thwart the accomplishment of some plan of business, and he often came in from his work dripping wet, announcing that it was just the right kind of weather in which to set out trees and plants or to mend roads. The day, and all the incidents therewith connected, could not have been more appropriate.

Preparations were made in the Meeting House for a large assembly, and fires kept burning three days beforehand to insure the comfort of all.

The roads over the mountain and in every other direction were all but impassable on account of the enormous snow drifts, yet, regardless of these conditions, notice was given and we determined to do our best.

Wednesday was beautiful, at midnight the stars shown brightly, but before morning the heavens began to weep, nor did they cease until afternoon of the next day. In the forenoon we drove up to the grove on the hill, saw that everything was in order there, and then shoveled a path from our home to the place of meeting ; but the rain came so freely and the thaw progressed so rapidly that it became useless for the sisters to attempt to go out on foot.

We had loaned our large sleigh to the Canaan family, who afterward found it impossible to attend, and our troubles were multiplied by the breakage of our light sleigh ; however, after considerable labor and contrivance the sisters were all carried safely to their destination, while the brethren put on their high rubber boots and walked.

All were assembled—including a few of our neighbors, and ready to open the services at 1 o'clock. The meeting

proper lasted three hours and a quarter, after which preparations were made for the interment.

On account of the weather and the dangers of the way, only those who could be of special service went to the grave. Then followed a scene never to be forgotten. The water came down the roadway, leading to the cemetery, in a deluge and with force sufficient to run a large sized saw-mill. The snow from the hills above had slidden down over the burying ground, covering the track to a depth of from two to three feet. Undaunted, we pressed on until we came to a place where the sleigh, in which the remains were carried, nearly capsized; by main strength of all hands united it was supported and helped along.

After one more struggle through snow and slush into which we sunk above our boot tops, we arrived at the grave. Here we were required to shovel out a space in order to bring the sleigh to a proper level. To add to our toil we found the grave full and running over with water; this necessitated a return to the house for pails with which to dip it out.

In a short time the last duty was finished. Getting home at 6 o'clock, we were glad to take a little rest. Our minds were exercised with serious thoughts and reflections, and thus came to a close a day, filled to the last hour with new and memorable experiences.

DANIEL OFFORD.

TRIBUTES OF LOVE.

HOME OFFERINGS.

GUIDING STARS.

AMELIA J. CALVER.

“There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven’s jewelled crown,
They shine forevermore.”

For a time we have been gazing upon a beautiful star of the first magnitude, as it slowly but surely descended toward the western horizon.

Though it had been radiant at its zenith, it seemed none the less so now, as the thought passed over us, that too soon must its light be hidden from our view. Many eyes have been turned toward it from far and near as it lingered above the golden rim. But ere we are fully aware, we look and it is gone, and the night seems dark. We turn away with saddened hearts, to seek the rest which weary watching claims, wondering what the dawn will bring.

The scene changes. When the first ray of light foretells the coming day, we awake refreshed, and lo! what meets our eager sight. Our star! our beautiful star is the first harbinger of dawn. As it climbs and leaves below the Orient hills, it is still grander than when its Occidental journey closed, and we are no more sad. A new day is dawning, for the morning star of hope, of promise, bears to us the joyful news, and gives us renewed vigor for the necessary toil of the new day.

This is the open vision which for a week has been before me, and the prophetic testimonies of our memorial services, so fully corroborated the same, that I deem it wrong to slight the impression of the beautiful panorama of the heavens which has passed before me. Be mine this hope: that if the brave, strong spirit of our father in Israel, trampled by the fetters of earth life, could still be so fearless, so true while here, how much more can he do now that his spirit is freed from earthly shackles. If our minds are so spiritually sensitive that we can feel the vivifying vibrations from the land of souls, we shall still be blessed with the ministrations of those who have been to us as guiding stars all along the journey of life, for their light has not diminished, nor their power for good lessened.

FROM SISTER EMMA J. NEAL.

We cannot allow a name, which seems to us the synonym of invincible courage, to pass into history without adding our testimony to the many already given.

Every leader in human society has immediate followers. Some find strength and growth in the atmosphere of their personality, while others are recipients of their out-flowing thought and influence, through channels of communication that also bring blessing and ministration to mind and soul.

My earliest recollections of our good father date from the early age of ten years. I had looked forward with anticipation to the time when I might attend public service. It was my Sabbath lesson to take note of, and repeat as much of Elder Frederic's sermon as my little brain could retain. I always listened with eagerness and attention and comprehended quite well the truths he uttered.

I now recall the many times I queried whether he was not to us a *Moses*, called of God to lead the people from

Egyptian bondage into the new light and life of a more glorious dispensation. His clear, ringing voice echoed through the arch of the church as he proclaimed the law of righteousness, and insisted on its application in every domain of life. At first, only marked points in his discourses impressed me, but as I grew older and increased my interest I could memorize the sermon in full.

The seed thus early sown, ripened into the knowledge of wisdom and the understanding of the principles of the divine life. Elder Frederic's logic appealed to my reason, and his progressive theology seemed to me a sound basis for a non-partisan church.

Coming into the Order of Believers without sectarian bias or prejudice, his intellect was unclouded, and he believed only on the evidence that appealed to his faculties, and he was able to present clearly to others the truth he received. He was the first to place before the world the distinction between the two orders—the natural and the spiritual—the “New Heavens” and the “New Earth,” wherein should dwell the righteousness pertaining to each, in harmony with God's law.

His ideas of cycles of progress, the Christs of the ages, or the prophets and saviors of mankind, and his conclusive arguments concerning the governmental issues of the day have left an impress for good. He was a man preeminently able to teach by reason, though he often said that “religious controversy was the gates of hell,” and that “true love was better than logic.”

His style of oratory was unaffected and easy, his words plain and full of meaning, but his sentences were often too laconic to be explicit and his speech was never redundant.

It has been said that good pupils excel their teacher, and knowing his qualifications we have sanguine hopes in the future. Already we have indications that some will follow on the same lines of advancement to greater achievements—continuing through right development, and perceiving cause and effect, will help our societies to outgrow many cherished errors which time-honored custom has established as essential principles.

TO OUR FATHER.

ELDER FREDERIC W. EVANS.

Published in 1890.

One of the Immortal Names that were not Born to Die.

CECELIA DEVERE.

Honor in life to whom is due honor ;
Oh gladly do we bring the pearls of praise,
And flowers of gratitude profusely strew
Upon the pathway of thy autumn days.
Why should we wait until the earthly end,
To blindly reach across the jasper wall,
The wealth, the blessing that should now descend,
The benedictions that should on thee fall?
Affection's tokens fill each rolling year,
They come like planets fair to gem thy dome,
The true, the just thy uprightness revere ;
But more than fame to *thee*, is love of home.
From east and west, from islands of the sea,
From lands afar beyond the belt of waves,
Come messages of love and thanks to thee,
For nobly sending forth the word that saves.
True to thy call to preach unto the world,
That place of bondage and of spirit needs,
To show the serpent in the roses curled,

And hurl swift thunderbolts against the creeds.
No fear, no tie, no favor could deter
Thy valiant spirit from the conflict strong,
Unflinchingly it faced the powers that were,
And bravely used its sword on ancient wrong.
Integrity and zeal perhaps are stern ;
They are thine armor, warm the heart below ;
Up through thine eyes we see its home fires burn,
And in thy kindliness we feel their glow.
The earth demands such saviors as thou art ;
Myrrh and frankincense will not banish sin,
'Tis fire from heaven that will cleanse the heart,
And consecration, life anew begin.
'Twas work, 'twas battle that thy ardor taught
'Twas deep repentance where God's mercies flow,
'Twas Babylon's confusions brought to naught
Ambition, pride and selfishness laid low.
'Twas angel purity, pellucid, bright,
The world of life revealed, not man-construed,
The dawning of the *day*, not *sunset light*,
The large unfathomed faith that still renewed.
The hope that on the present laid its balm,
Healed the dull wound and soothed the rankling pain,
To grief's wild tempest gave the magic calm,
And soaring, breathed a full triumphal strain,
That hope, no storm-glooms could obscure or dim,
It cleft the darkness with its sabre rays,
And gave the future's broken, distant rim
A coronet of jewels all ablaze.
Dear Father, how we prize that glorious hope,
That chieftain-spirit, that the heights would scale,
That never stooped in fallacies to grope,
And never knew the coward's watch-word, 'fail !'
Swift as the eagle's glance o'er cloud or fen,
Thine eyes discerned the work that was of God,
And knew the structure that was reared by men,
And smote it with the angel's gifted rod.
Whate'er of Christ or holiness the claim,

Lofty in whiteness or in whiteness low,
 Thy test of purity was still the same,
 For loathsome leprosy, is white as snow.
 The test was in thy soul, the work it did
 Gave doctrines by the dual-Christ revealed,
 Henceforth in thee were treasures shown and hid,
 Because thy call by sacrifice was sealed.
 What is the mountain's crest above the storm,
 And what the sea-ward river's constant tide,
 Or mellow autumn sun diffused and warm,
 Compared with lives by travail glorified?
 Think not our love has placed thy worth too high,
 For thou art Zion's, none can swell the claim,
 And long as truth is blazoned in the sky,
 Bright in her galaxy shall glow thy name
 With those of *saints* who suffered. Earth may pass,
 And heaven be brought together like a scroll,
 Yet shall *they* shine above the sea of glass,
 Within the deathless regions of the soul.

COMMENDATION.

ERNEST PICK.

Eldress Antoinette Doolittle in her last interview with the North Family, said: "Though Elder Frederic seems to some individuals to be rather firm and radical in opinion, yet he is a man of God; having been many years closely associated with him I can testify to this truth, he is a noble and upright man of God."

Christian love requires us to give honor and due commendation to our friends and benefactors while they are

yet alive, and not postpone it 'till their ears are deaf and their hearts cease to beat.

It was Elder Frederic's good fortune to be the recipient of many kindly feelings of appreciation ; on the other hand he received an ample share of criticism, he had many a sting and thrust from his opposers and enemies, but he remained unshaken, and endured it all calmly and bravely.

His name was known the world over, from Maine to California, from Russia to England. In New Zealand and Africa, on the Philipine Islands, in Japan and on the Isles of the Pacific he counted friends ; contributions from his pen reached far and wide, and the grand and perfect ideals emanating from his well developed mind, diffused new light among many people.

To those who loved the truth he was like a magnet. He attracted by a powerful kind of argument that convicted and convinced, and won souls to Christ by enlightening their understandings, and by causing them to feel the power of true love.

He was a pioneer in the work of true reformation, beginning by reforming his own character. He also had a prophetic spirit, saw great changes for the future, for the good of our own society and for the world at large.

His influence will outlast his name and memory. He lived to do good, and many will call him blessed. Through obedience to his testimony, new life will be infused into the body of Believers whom he was pleased to call his people, among whom he was a chosen leader, and in whom his life interest centered. May peace, love and blessing be his crown of joy, and may we be able to take up the burden he has so nobly carried, and progress even to greater degrees of truth and righteousness.

FAITH'S FRUITAGE.

MARGARET GIBSON.

Oh that our faith like thine may bear
A fruitage full when days are done,
When tired feet and wearied hands
Have reached reward ; the work well done.
The "peace on earth " had come to thee,
No clarion sound of war's alarm,
A home where loving ministry
In service kind lent life a charm.

A sweet assurance filled thy heart,
That home, and love were mingled here ;
A selfless soul could not impart
Aught but its love for kindred dear.
" Brethren and sisters, ye are mine
Who do God's will in hope and fear,
Who keep the gospel armor on,
And tread the path of duty here.

" The narrow way will brighter grow ;
The ways of sin will hideous seem ;
The pomp and pleasure, grief and woe,
The carnal mind, the world's mad dream
Of pride, ambition, greed of gain
All laid aside for Christ's dear sake,
Thro' days of toil, self-sacrifice,
A paradise on earth to make."

Withdrawn from earthly home and love
To gain a greater hold on truth,
Baptized of Christ—the snow white dove—
Brings to thy life immortal youth.
A greater glory thou wilt reach,
Thy light will yet more searching be,
While powers of heaven combine to teach
Earth's children, perfect liberty.

To Zion will their footsteps tend,
From worldly ties and fetters free
And sin that leads to death's sad end
And robs the soul of purity.
And they who built this ark of peace
The glad thanksgiving song will hear,
While grateful hearts and loving hands
Uplifted, bring their tributes dear.

TOKENS OF FRIENDSHIP.



TREASURES FROM THE LAND OF CANAAN.

Beloved Elder Frederic :

Feeling a strong desire to write a few lines to you I embrace this, the first opportunity.

To begin with, be so kind as to accept my heart-felt love and blessing for the fatherly care and interest which you have so kindly manifested in my behalf for many years. You only, dear Elder, have been the one to whom I have looked for safe guidance, and I have never stumbled when obedient to your wise counsels.

Now that you are released from the cares and burdens that have been yours to bear for over half a century, I sincerely desire that the eventide of your life may be filled with abundant peace and quietness.

Through all the years of my acquaintance with you I have admired the great strength of character that you have always exhibited. You may be compared to a sturdy oak grown in an open field, whose tough fibre has withstood the adverse winds and storms of many years; like *it* you have developed a firmness and toughness of mental fibre that made you unyielding amid wild winds of nature, that at times prevailed so fiercely. Or I could with equal propriety, compare you to a light-house, built on a rock-bound coast, a guide to the storm-tossed mariner. You have stood upon the rocky shores of time and braved the wild passions of human nature that often rise like tempests; the waves have dashed and beaten around you and threatened to engulf and destroy, but you have remained unmoved and unbroken, and clearly pointed out the way in which souls should travel in order to reach a haven of safety, of peace and rest.

Great has been your work, and a glorious reward awaits you. It will only be after you have passed to spirit life that we shall come to a full realization of the good you have accomplished. We shall reap where you have sown. You have been instrumental in bringing many souls to the gospel of light, love and purity, and caused them to be filled with thankfulness. I am certain that there is nothing worth living for in the world, but in the gospel of Mother there is no end to the increase of wisdom and knowledge.

It is through your counsels and instructions that I have attained to the degree of faith and spiritual travel which I now experience.

The principles of vegetarianism which you have so nobly upheld in the midst of much opposition, are being accepted by a large number of people; this must be a matter of great pleasure and satisfaction to your spirit. Being myself a lover of vegetarianism I can see how it may benefit Believers in their progress toward the heavenly life. I would be glad to see a Shaker Community established somewhere in a warmer climate, where there are not such severe atmospheric changes as those to which we are subject, on a strict vegetarian basis, where there would be no necessity for the raising of animals, to appropriate as food or to sell, as a means of profit.

We call ourselves vegetarians; we are only so in part, for we use milk, cream, butter, eggs, etc. Still, withal we have made wonderful progress, but we do not come up to our highest light when we raise animals for *others* to kill and eat, by so doing we are helping to continue a gross barbaric custom. And I would be glad to see this community actuated by the principle of procuring a living entirely from the land, having no need of hired men, nor any use for animals except the horse, possibly the ox; then would the law, "thou shalt not kill," be obeyed and nothing "hurt or harm in all God's holy mountain." This would stand as a powerful protest against the ungodly practices of an unregenerate people.

The spirit of Christ calls for a separation from the life of the world, its habits, its follies and pleasures. The raising and keeping of animals, and the hireling system are in every way wrong. If our Order had risen above these things we might have escaped the accident that occurred recently that brought so much pain and regret to our hearts.

I am sorry when I think of the rutway in which Believers move. How long, O Lord shall thy people uphold the wicked practices of the world?

Now Elder Frederic I hope I have not wearied you; it seemed pleasant to me to address you upon subjects in which you have always been so much interested, and I could not withhold.

Beloved Father, now that you have come to the evening of life and are released from the many cares and burdens that so long have rested upon your shoulders, I hope you will bestow a fulness of blessing upon your successor—Elder Daniel, for he is one that has grown up from a

youth under your direct care, instruction and discipline; he is well fitted and prepared to wear the mantle which you have so nobly laid aside.

What a bright example you will be to the brethren, especially to those who are young in the faith. You will be able to show them the way of life by precept and example and tell them of what the Lord has done for you, and thus continue to be a blessing to the family in which you reside, and to the whole household of faith during your remaining days on earth.

We who live in Canaan, are striving to keep pace with the increasing work of the gospel as far as we are able to comprehend it.

So you must rejoice beloved father in the great good you have done, and that the "lines have fallen to you in such pleasant places."

Kindly your brother,

GEORGE W. CLARK.

FROM ANGELINE BROWN.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

One more of Zion's saintly patriarchs has doffed the mortal for the immortal.

His noble heroic spirit will never cease to move forward on its divinely inspired mission, nor to work for the cause of redemption, to teach the hearts of humanity the way of righteousness, and now as it is unfettered by earthly encumbrances, he will the more easily perform greater good.

Dear father, is it possible that we shall never see thy venerable form again, nor hear breathed from thy lips sweet words of wisdom and encouragement in soul-inspiring prophecies of the peace, and prosperity that ultimately will crown the increase of the work of God on earth?

How many times, when weary in body and spirit you have sought a little rest in the happy land of Canaan, and still in resting, was ever active, imparting the hope of the

spirit ; you was to us in truth a tower of strength ; it was comforting to feel your fatherly care and to know that you had an interest in our prosperity.

Elder Frederic held for us a great and constant blessing, and by his ministrations we have been helped through many difficulties. But should we sorrow for our loss, when we realize his gain ? Should we repine when we know his felicity is augmented ?

A sheaf fully ripened for the garnerers of the Lord hath the harvest angel gathered home. Crowned with the honors of the truly great, our loved father has entered the resurrection heavens, bearing palms of victory, rejoicing in conquests won.

He bore the heat and burden of the day for many, many long years, and when released from labor and care, it was not to him a time of sorrowing that there were none to assume the responsibilities which would devolve upon the individual called to fill his position ; but, through his untiring labors, he had educated one, who with the same earnest, unwavering fortitude and steadfastness of purpose, was prepared to go forth in defense of the right, clad in the armor of the spirit of truth.

Thus we are not forsaken, but to us the promise is fulfilled, " If thou wilt walk in My statutes, and execute My judgments, and keep all my commandments, then will I perform My word with thee, and I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will not forsake My people."

FROM EMILY OFFORD.

Another shining luminary has been transferred from the terrestrial to the celestial sphere ; but its radiance is not extinguished ; it brightly beams and will continue to.

An indefatigable toiler, having faithfully performed the duties of this life, has gone to take part in new fields of action, for our beloved father still lives; we cannot think of him as dead.

The amount of good accomplished by his willing hands, his prolific mind and cheerful, self-sacrificing devoted spirit, has formed for him a monument more glorious and more enduring than was ever raised for any of the sons of fame.

His broad, philanthropic mind, did not confine its interest and labors exclusively to his own prescribed family; he was ever ready to extend his services and influence wherever opportunity offered or necessity required.

All reformers and seekers after truth, whether inmates of the Shaker Order or not, shared his deepest sympathy and hearty support. He was really and truly philanthropic.

His brave, resolute spirit was ever ready to defend the truth and those who maintained it. He could stand alone, if need be, in holding forth right principles.

We shall miss our beloved Elder Frederic; his fatherly counsel, his hopeful encouraging words, his heart searching, soul inspiring testimony in our spiritual meetings, and his clear enunciation of our gospel truths. Yea, all this we shall miss and much more.

We, at Canaan, will often think of his loving ministrations of courage and comfort, for he was ever ready to help us spiritually and materially, and when he found time beside performing his spiritual duties, he would go forth with his pruning knife, assisting in the culture of fruits, always busy with both head and hand, ever anxious to do good to all, at all times and in all places.

The lowly as well as the great, were recipients of his favors ; but we will not mourn for we know he rejoices.

He has fulfilled his mission with honor.

His work is done, and *well* done, and he leaves this world, crowned with the blessings of his people, and enters the immortal land amid the sweet benediction of angels, into whose society he is borne, to be one with them.

We pray that his blessing may remain with us, that he may often come to us from his spirit home, with sweet influences and blessed ministrations of resurrecting life and power.

FROM FLORENCE A. STAPLES.

He toiled for right, his kindly christian deeds
Within our fond remembrance shall abide ;
A servant of the Lord, whose dauntless soul,
The furnace of affliction hath well tried.

The call upon the battle field to him,
Awakened naught of fear or of dismay ;
His weapon was the living power of truth,
So potent every sinful foe to slay.

Amid his toils so worthy and so blest,
He nobly wrought for Zion's great increase ;
We mark the course wherein pure wisdom led,
And find her paths were those of perfect peace.

Strong in the faith which shielded by its might,
And in life's conflicts proved a constant guide,
He stood a pillar in the temple placed,
Stayed as the rock beneath the surging tide.

His mission was the lost to seek and save,
To guide the erring, to the blind give sight ;
To calm the storm upon the sea of life
With "peace be still," through love's all conquering might.

A sower of the seed from which shall spring
A bounteous harvest o'er the fertile plain,
Glad hearts returning homeward shall rejoice,
And bring with them the golden sheaves of grain.

O blessed one! thy rest is in the Lord,
Within the many mansions of His care ;
Thy spirit hath the Master gathered home,
The merits of a godly life to share.

The summon's heard, "Come, come my well beloved
To fairer climes beyond the scenes of night ;"
A cloud steals o'er—lo! sunbeams smile again,
We see him entering through the gates of light.

We hear the welcome from the ransomed throng,
As bursts its music on thy listening ear ;
And catch the inspiration of the song,
That floats adown from out the inner sphere.

We know thy lifted soul with bliss will find
A glad reunion with the friends of yore ;
Neath arbors of immortal bloom repose,
Enraptured with a joy unknown before.

But not unmindful of thy little flock,
A solace to them still I know thou'lt bear ;
In childlike trust we'll watch, and wait, to hold
Communion with thee, through the gates of prayer,

And draw thee near, though passed from view the form
Which earth embraces as her final claim,
And cherish still thy counsel and thy love ;
Embalmed in memories sweet shall live thy name.

FROM JENNIE VINNEO.

One generation shall praise thy works to another.
They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy goodness, and shall
sing of thy righteousness. PSA. CXLV : 4-7.

Of whom can this be more truly said than of our father. His has been a noble career. By self-sacrifice and an undivided interest in the cause of truth, he has reared for himself an enduring monument, which will remain unchanged as the years come and go.

Still he will be with us, an unseen though trusted leader, guiding us into more truth ; we know his zeal for its promulgation will not abate ; new fields are now opened before him.

His goodness will ever live in our memories. Truly he was a father in need and a father indeed. When making brief visits to our family, as he frequently did, these words would often fall from his saintly lips : " Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Spoken in the fullness of fatherly love, they were a source of strength and encouragement.

One by one the saints of our time are passing from our view ; they have done their work, " fought the fight and kept the faith," and have gone to their well-earned reward.

A VETERAN'S TESTIMONY.

Elder Abraham Perkins in the 87th year of his age.

" Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ?"

Elder Frederic W. Evans was a man suited to the conditions of his day. In his creation he was well calculated to deal with conflicting subjects and adjust them amicably. However varied, or however severe the trial in meeting emergencies, he firmly and courageously faced the contest

becoming his Christian profession, with an inspiration that was powerful in silencing opposition to principles of truth and right. His resources seemed unlimited. His talents were of a high order, and he was easy of approach; simple, yet dignified in his address and manners, and ever cheerfully and humbly bowed to the gift of God, revealed through the divinely Anointed Order of the Church of Christ. He was a remarkable character; a man of God; self-poised and self-sacrificing.

He was an ambassador of Christ, fruitful and uncommonly gifted. He was not only strong in genuine Christian faith, but powerful in the ministration thereof, and abundantly able to give a reason of the same, which no earthly power could controvert. Equal to his faith were his sacrifices and christian life. In his duties he spared not himself; unto the Lord his powers were fully consecrated. His life merits praise and is deserving of benediction.

I have had an acquaintance with Elder Frederic over fifty years; an acquaintance invariably pleasant, thus producing a friendship which I believe to be eternal. I loved him and I miss him. His demise is a bereavement to Zion; it removes from our midst one of the most able advocates of millennial principles. Though deprived of his visible presence and labors here, in his glorified state in the church triumphant, he may be more efficient in giving spiritual growth and increase to the church militant, thus advancing upon earth the great and final work of salvation.

We have no right to mourn for the dispensation. His work here is done, and thoroughly done. It remains for us to emulate his life and example.

ENFIELD, N. H.

VOICES FROM EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

ELDER HENRY C. BLINN, EDITOR OF "THE MANIFESTO."

"There is no death, what seems so is transition."—*Longfellow.*

It is in loving remembrance of a dear gospel father, that our mind, at this time, dwells with pleasure on the many hours of sweet communion, or of soul communion, that have been enjoyed in gathering wisdom's treasures.

Our beloved Elder Frederic still lives in our memory as one of the Sons of God, whose mind was a storehouse of beautiful gifts and whose liberal soul dispensed these precious treasures with a bountiful hand.

Years of devotional care and consecrated labor had afforded him an inspiration from a sphere beyond that in which the most of us poor mortals dwell. His disciplinary system, so well carried out, through a long series of years, enabled him to maintain a healthy form of government over the mind, and to be what he professed to be, a brother among the Brethren.

Only a few months have moved into the past since an assemblage of dear friends were saying farewell to beloved Elder Daniel Boler, and at that time Elder Frederic was an interested and prominent speaker. It did not occur to us on that day, that at this early date we should be called to bid farewell to our beloved Elder Frederic as he prepared for that anticipated journey, an exploration of "the land of souls."

Seemingly he has lived in that world and shared in its influences, while he still dwelt among us and enlisted all his energies for the peace and prosperity of every branch of the Community, on the earth or in the heavens. Elder Frederic is not dead, for as Longfellow has written,—

“There is no death.” Without pain, without sickness, he closed his eyes to the things of this earth and was translated as were some of the fathers, of days long gone by, for God took him. He needed no horses with a chariot of fire nor even a whirlwind to transport him to the sphere beyond—his guide was his Heavenly Father.

His was a great heart, and a generous heart, in the manifestations of the good spirit that would assist the great body of Believers in moving onward and upward to better conditions in this present world, and through this enable them to appreciate more fully the great worth of a spiritual inheritance.

Elder Frederic has made an indelible impression upon the minds of all who have heard him, or who have studied his writings, that he was a man of faith. Not a shadow of doubt obscured his path, or prevented him from believing that God, in his own good time, would consummate his work among the children of men. He had never a doubt of the triumph of right over wrong, and of the growing spiritual prosperity of the Church of Christ.

How much we shall miss the dear father, as we visit the places where he has walked on the earth, the dwellings and their rooms, and the farms and the orchards will be made better for his having been in them as an interested worker and an honored brother of the Christian brotherhood.

FROM SISTER JANE CROOKER.

As we were kindly informed by letter of the day and hour to be devoted to the Memorial services of revered Elder Frederic who was our friend, brother and father, in genuine sympathy with gospel kindred at Mt. Lebanon, we laid all temporal duties aside, assembled in groups, and

conversed in subdued tones, upon the goodness and virtues that characterized his life ; we recalled to grateful memory many pleasant reminiscences of his visits to our home ; his words of wisdom, expressive of anxiety and keen interest in all who were called into the radical work of God to which his soul was committed. Thus we united in recognition of a noble Christian leader.

As by a happy thought-wave, two of our companies selected the appropriate hymns entitled, " The Angels are Coming," and " We shall meet," a pleasant proof of the oneness of faith's household, as we subsequently learned that they were sung in the meeting at Mt. Lebanon.

We feel Zion's loss, and when we lift our voices to testify to our own measure of it, we know full well that we but echo the numerous voices of brethren and sisters which swell like the sound of many waters in appreciation of the exalted principles which made bright the life, and shall ever be as a halo around his memory.

FILIAL APPRECIATION.

ASENATH C. STICKNEY.

Our tributes of respect and love are all voluntary, not solicited ; for we have shared liberally in the parental care and interest of precious Elder Frederic.

Yet who is competent to sing
In measured lines his worth,
For bounded are the thoughts which spring
From minds of finite birth.
To us he was a moral might
Among his fellow men,
So brave a hero for the right

We fain would see again.
He heeded not if o'er his way
Black billows flung their foam,
If he could lift truth's beacon ray
To guide the wanderer home.

Such thoughts repeat themselves as often as we think of the dear departed and his noble cotemporaries Elder Daniel Boler and Giles B. Avery, who stand far above mere human praise. We approach their pure spirits with the love and simplicity of our gospel alone, not with adulation such as the world would render.

Whenever their good deeds and gracious counsels occur to our memory, we lose sight of the mortal, while our thoughts enter the deific principles which they obeyed as well as advocated. We love to dwell on the large hearted benevolence which so moulded them and transformed their characters into the likeness of the Great Teacher, that they became marvels of integrity in an age of deteriorated christianity, and like him were saviors to many.

What an excellent lesson we find in Elder Frederic's manifest dependence upon God. When about to engage in any important enterprise he invariably sought aid through supplication. For his missionary work among strangers, he never failed to ask the prayers of those who loved him most—his home friends—nor to invoke Divine assistance that his utterances might be clothed with that wisdom which is from above.

We, his witnesses, affirm that the grandeur of his Christly humility impressed us more forcibly than even the eloquence of his speech, which seemed oftentimes like the message of some mighty angel from on high. May we partake of the lowliness and zeal of our gospel parents. It

seemed impossible for them to be lukewarm or apathetic. They have left us the patrimony of their example, which will enrich us if we accept it loyally, and thus prove our birthright and our gratitude.

THE LAST LETTER.

DICTATED BY ELDER FREDERIC TO JESSIE EVANS.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1893.

Dear Gospel Sister, Jessie :—

Although I have not strength to write, I am most anxious to convey to you my heartfelt thanks for your very kind letter of recent date, and for all the love and blessing it contained. So I use the hand of a young brother to write this and to tell you that, although I am free from pain or suffering, and am most comfortable and happy, surrounded as I am with every care and attention that the most tender and thoughtful love of my dear Gospel relations can prompt, I am quite conscious that I am nearing the end of my earthly pilgrimage rapidly, and will soon pass over to the spirit world. During the last few days my strength has failed very much, and my breathing has become exceedingly difficult, while any continued mental application tires and confuses my brain quickly.

With this, my last letter in all probability, I send to you and to all my gospel kindred at Canterbury, much love and blessing.

With strong and willing spirit, if weak in body, I am in gospel love,

Your brother,

F. W. EVANS.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

EAST CANTERBURY, MARCH, 1893.

Beloved Eldress Anna :

I deem it a great kindness that, amid your many cares and burdens, you should be so thoughtful as to send the cherished letter left for me by our precious father Elder Frederic. My heart is filled with gratitude that I am thus lovingly remembered.

I would have considered it a great privilege to have been close by during the last days of illness or decline, and to have received a parting blessing from our sainted father. That he thought of poor, little unworthy me, when failure of mental and physical faculties demanded greater effort to complete needful duties in the line of writing, will ever be a test of genuine love, stimulating me to live daily so that his noble and pure spirit can approve and as my faith ever prompts.

It has been a loving satisfaction to write to him from time to time ; none will ever know the real significance of the blessing it has been to me, or the good it has wrought.

During hours of trial, it has upheld and strengthened me and my soul has been supplied with water from the pure fountain of spiritual truth, which welled up in his soul as a never failing spring. I have written a few lines to append to this letter. Language is totally inadequate to express that which I would convey. As "The unspeakable gifts" are the deepest and most effective, so I will wisely hide this one away, and foster it with undying love, that it may operate as leaven in the interior life. which I trust may become perfected and rise to the Resurrection Heavens, to which the loved and blessed have passed.

JESSIE EVANS.

TRIBUTE.

JESSIE EVANS.

There are many children who have never known the blessing of true fatherly love and care ; how great then the indebtedness of those who have been thus favored, and how necessary it is that they should be so clothed upon with charity and grace that they may be able to minister to those less fortunate in life.

Through nature, God has bestowed on me this signal blessing in the kind father, who, for a season, so lovingly guided and guarded the little ones entrusted to his keeping.

In the higher order of grace, the all wise Father vouchsafed even a greater blessing in the "hundred fold relation,"

where the natural became as spiritual kindred, broadening the sphere of their affections, and widening the circle of loving ministries. How many hands of help and comfort hath His bounty supplied in the household of faith.

Most worthy father, Elder Frederic! though not of natural kinship, thy paternal love has fed and clothed me with that truth and light with which every word, either spoken or written, has burned. As a child I was attracted to thy kind, fatherly face and genial loving spirit. In youth I looked a little deeper, and caught a glimpse of thy chastened life and purified soul; and now the heart of thoughtful womanhood, in the realization of thy great life work, brings to thee grateful tribute; and, though the visible presence has departed, may thy spirit still care for and minister to all who loved to claim thee as a father in Christ.

MY FIRST AND LAST INTERVIEW.

LOUIS BASTING.

My acquaintance with Elder Frederic dates from the year 1873. He wrote:

“From the expression of your feelings I should consider you a proper candidate for our Order. When a person comes to the end of the world, it is a great blessing to learn that there is a spiritual home, where, by work and prayer, a foundation of the heavens can be laid in the human soul. Repenting of the past and building up for the future, that which God and the angels can approve, is a glorious use of earth-life. And that is just what we are engaged in doing. If you wish to come and cast in your lot with us in this soul labor, you may do so; and if sincerely desirous of ceasing to do evil and learning to do well, we will make you welcome to a place among us. Come, and ‘salute no man by the way.’”

In answer to this invitation I met the writer of it personally the following year. His letters had prepared me to see a strong man, who was working with heart and soul for God and humanity; and as he greeted me with outstretched hands and a kindly, winning smile, I felt at once drawn towards him. After a lengthy conference, in which he unfolded the plan, scope and purpose, of the kingdom of heaven on earth, he concluded, saying :

“ How much better and nobler it is to live for such an idea than merely for the gross material things of time and sense !”

My last interview with our departed brother was entirely unpremeditated. I had a call to Mt. Lebanon, N. F., it was then for the first time that I learned of his being low. Upon hearing I was there Elder Frederic sent word that he wanted to see me; soon I was seated by his side to enjoy an old-time communion.

Well, as some ruins suggest even in their decay, the solidity which once was theirs, the nobility of mind that conceived the plan, and the skill of hands that carried it out, so was he whose latest sun was slowly setting. The earthly tabernacle was evidently breaking, but the old spirit was still there, mellowed by the passing of 85 winters, halloved by the advancing lights and shadows of the impending change. Often pausing for breath, lost at times in momentary reveries, he would yet speak with vigor and clearness of those things which had been nearest his heart during the greater part of his long life. Gladstone's Home Rule bill, the Salvation Army, the Populist movement, the Rights of Woman, the decay of orthodox dogmas—all were touched upon; he recognized them all as important factors in that general remodeling of human society which was to culminate in the formation of the “new earth,” of whose

coming he had been a faithful herald. He spoke like a seer, saying :

“ Then will this gospel have its day ; after Reason has labored, and Logic has argued till it has not left a foot of ground upon which to stand, then Love will come and do what the human intellect alone can never accomplish.”

So may it be ! After the strife of conflicting earthly interests, the dash of ideas and opinions, the contentions of the schools, and the friction of dialectics and polemics, may Divine Love come and command peace to rest upon the troubled waters of human passions ; may it teach all to respect the rights of all, and, oh ! may it impress upon all, that one great duty which is common to all and is contained in the Master's injunction : Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.

Peace to the memory of Elder Frederic !

LETTERS FROM CHERISHED FRIENDS.

From Alfred H. Love, President of the Universal Peace Union.

PHILADELPHIA, 1893.

Anna White, dear friend :—

Thy brief but sad messenger came all too unwillingly to my heart. I was not ready to let our endeared friend go beyond our visible reach, for somehow we love to see, to hear and to touch, and yet his transition ought not to cause us grief. We should be guarded in speaking of the passing out of the mortal of the good and great as sad, because of their fitness to pass onward, and their translation to heavenly joys.

How closely I feel drawn to you in affection. in sympathy and in faith. This great link is not broken, but riveted now the more firmly by spiritual ties that words cannot express.

I seem to be in that charmed company and to feel dear Frederic's embrace, as he gave it me when with you, and to hear his words of cheer and counsel, as he planted the kiss upon my cheek, the great, tall, vigorous form bending over me and holding me to the last. You have been blessed to have had this saint, so full of Christ, so long with you. Do let my spirit in with yours when you commune with him and our Father who is with us ever.

With love to you all, from the youngest to the oldest, for I remember your beautiful lives with tenderest regard, I remain in the bonds of peace, thy friend,

ALFRED H. LOVE.

BOSTON, MASS.

My Dear Friends :—

Your note apprising me of the transition of Elder Evans, and paper, containing a beautiful tribute to his life and work, are before me. They seem to transport me to your own home, and let me share in your feelings as you lay away all that is mortal of the great and noble man who has so long been the venerated father of your household.

I would like to be with you on such an occasion. I am sure, when after a long and useful life the wise and good pass on to their rest, that

the gates stand ajar for a time, and that you who dwell on the high spiritual plane, must see the glory.

Though well I know how greatly you will miss the benign presence and inspiring words of such a broad-minded and highly gifted leader, yet I picture no sights or sounds of woe among you. I see you looking upward as if you witnessed a translation or transfiguration.

To-night I received a letter from Governor Ashley, enclosing a copy of Elder Offord's tribute in N. Y. Sun.

He expresses deep regret that he did not find time to visit you last year while Elder Evans was among you, to converse with him upon the many problems of our day, which are demanding the earnest thought and action of all who have at heart the welfare of the nation and the interests of their fellow man.

I too, share a great disappointment in the necessary delay of my visit to your home. Never again in this world shall I meet that noble soul whose life has gone forth in blessing to humanity.

In truest sympathy, I remain your sincere and loving friend,

MAHALIE R. HODDER.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Dear Friends :

It has been my endeavor for the past week to drop you a line in regard to your great, irreparable loss. Although we have seen and known it was coming and could not much longer be delayed, yet the dear, kindly old man seemed so full of vitality and energy that one could almost expect the impossible.

My sympathy is with you *all*, for a great man has fallen this day in Israel. He is however, free, free from this body and happy with the saints in the home above.

Sincerely your friend,

CATHARINE BLAKE.

WYNCOTE, PA.

Dear Sister Anna :—I read last evening in the newspaper an obituary notice of your good Elder Frederic W. Evans ; a grief came over my own soul for his loss, and immediately I want to express to thee and thine my interested sympathy.

Though the spirits of the so-called departed may never leave us, yet the personal presence of those we habitually look to for daily and hourly strength, makes "the gone is gone, the dead is dead," expressive to every feeling, and it is human to sorrow.

Lovingly thy sister,

RACHEL C. BAKER.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.

My Dear Brethren and Sisters :—

Having received news of the transition of our beloved Elder Frederic, I wish to tender my heartfelt sympathy to the many dear ones who are bereft of the visible presence of him who has long been a loved and venerated father, an able counsellor, and who has stood as a tower of strength to his people.

I will miss the pleasant smile and welcome greeting which he always accorded me when visiting his beautiful home.

Throughout his long life he has been a great reformer, and has exerted an influence upon others which is only possessed by those who *live* the truths they teach.

With his high gifts was combined that expansiveness of soul which reached forth with a Saviour's love to the whole human race, and his energy in manifesting this love seemed without limit, yet with all those traits which gave to him such force of character, where would we find one more tender, forgiving or affectionate?

As I look upon his likeness that hangs upon the wall, so perfectly reflecting the benignity and peace of his spirit, I call to mind the many pleasant seasons I have spent in conversation with him, wherein I have derived much lasting good. His manner was always genial, his teachings exalting, and his words impressive.

He will of course be greatly missed, but after his long life of usefulness and unselfish devotion to the interests of others, he was ready to receive the "Welcome Summons," and as he enriches his spirit through experiences in the life beyond, doubtless he will often be with you and make his presence felt in the home where his life-labors have been so much appreciated by many loving hearts.

SOPHIA WAYNE.

"The Ballston Shakeress."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dear Friends :—

I received the news of the “passing” of our beloved Elder Frederic, and wish I could in some way express my sympathy for you in the great loss you sustain. You do not need to be comforted for you feel his spirit ever with you, and while you mourn the daily sweetness and counsel of his life, you are not crushed by the sadness as other less well ordered household would be at the death of a father.

There are those among you well fitted to carry on the beautiful work Elder Frederic so long led, and I trust to hear all happy things from you notwithstanding your bereavement. God bless you all I daily ask, and it needs not my petition to insure that ; your lives claim the benediction.

My love to you all, and believe me entirely with you in heart and soul for the beautiful, the good and the true.

Yours,

ADELE ALLSTOM.

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE.

The death of Elder Frederic W. Evans, at the age of eighty-five years, is reported at Mount Lebanon. To many readers, no doubt, this will seem a small matter for comment, because potentates and congressmen, millionaires and ministers are dying every day, and they receive but the common recognition of a common obituary, in which their good deeds, if they have done any, are recorded and amplified, and the evil that they do is interred with their bones. Elder Evans was the practical head of the Shaker Community. He differed from most of us in that he lived up to his ideals. To be sure, those ideals were capable of attainment, while many of ours are not. The character of his life was earnestness. He felt a deep pity for the state of some men and embraced the whole of

his race in such affection that his first concern, when he had come to thinking years, was how to better it. He soon discovered that it is not possible in the time of one man's life to force material progress upon the world. Governments can be changed and are changed for the better in every generation, but a general elevation of the race can only come when the mass of individuals desire it. That will be when education is wider and sounder, when confidence is larger, when consciences are finer, when people are persuaded into leading kinder, quieter, healthier lives.

But, while the hopelessness of seeing the millenium was early forced upon Frederic Evans, it begot no cankering pessimism in his nature. He reconciled himself to delay and kept on hoping and believing. He continued active in deed and cheerful in word. He did what few can do after passing middle life ; he kept his mind fresh. There never was a more unworldly man in one sense, but in the sense that he wanted to make this actual, material earth and the people upon it better than it is he was in the best sense worldly. It was natural that he should become a Shaker. The Shakers are a small, spiritual, cheerful, honorable company that seem as strangely out of tone with our blaring nineteenth century as an antique harpsichord in a modern orchestra, but they are a delightful people to meet and know. Carlyle, with his hate of shams and affectations, would have enjoyed some days with them. They have set a standard of life, and to that they hold themselves. It is not a difficult standard. It only requires that they shall work for what they eat and wear, that they shall be morally and physically clean, that they shall be self helpful and that they shall be honest. They are co-laborers, and the perfection of farming is seen in their New York and

New England villages. Fashions, politics, arts, whims, all things that disturb what they call "the world" do not make a ripple in their settlements. Perhaps quiescence implies a measure of stagnation, but to many stagnation is better than storm.

In their religions the Shakers are good Bible Christians, plus spiritism, but they enforce practical morality upon themselves more rigidly than most people of other sects. There is a poetic symbolism in their lives and ceremonies that is not generally understood and is sometimes derided. The wonderful cleanliness of person, dress, houses, barns and all belongings is but a type of the moral purity they aspire to. The strange dance or march that is a part of their Sunday service is a physical expression of the shaking out of evil from the soul. The pursuit and burial of the devil on one of the Berkshire hills, that is one of their traditions, exemplified the conquest of sin. Their lives are as free as is compatible with mutual service and if the rule of celibacy proves galling they are at liberty to leave the community at any time. There are few rules and little government. It is a part of the expression of their gentleness that they will not shed blood, and meat is therefore not included in their diet. When one sees their rosy complexions, their sturdy frames and finds them direct and clear in thought and speech he may well wonder if flesh is a necessity to the race. Thoreau noticed that the ox manufactured to himself pretty big bones and stout sinews out of grass. Nor are they meager livers. Those alone who have dined with a Shaker "family" know of the surprising variety and toothsomeness of viands made from fruits, vegetables and grains.

To this odd and honest people Elder Evans allied himself, because by so doing he could live nearest to what he believed to be the right life for all men. He wanted to do away with poverty ; he wanted all to have an equal chance to use the land ; he wanted to eradicate the term "struggle for existence ;" he wanted to prove the blessings of a Christian and practical co-operation. The scope of his work may seem small, but no life, be it that of a little child, is insignificant when it is an expression of high character. Most of us are so afraid of Mrs. Grundy that we hardly dare to avoid small vices if they are in fashion. Elder Evans preached but little to the world upon religion, but he had much to say on goodness and helpfulness, and those things without which religion is an empty name, a phrase, a cant. He preached most conclusively by example. Unable greatly to help the world by his advice, he helped such of his fellow men as would accept it by his work. His reward was not in money, nor honors ; it was in the approbation of his conscience.

"THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM."

AS PUBLISHED IN THE "BANNER OF LIGHT."

A cedar shaken by the wintry winds of over fourscore years has fallen at Mount Lebanon—A master in Israel ; a cross-bearing, lion-hearted hero, reformer and prophet, has gone down as does the sun to lighten other portions of the sidereal heavens. At the end of a long, varied and toilsome journey, the saintly, fatherly elder, Frederic W. Evans, dropped his staff, put off his sandals, laid his burden down, and, crossing the crystal river, went up on the beautiful

highlands of Immortality. Afire with the gospel of progress, aflame with the missionary spirit, he literally died with the harness on. And why did I say died? He is *not* dead. He never was so thoroughly alive as now. He has risen in his spiritual body. His noble Roman presence is still with us a power unto salvation; and his burning testimony in behalf of Truth and Purity is and ever will be a living inspiration in the Zion of the Second Coming.

It was while I was lecturing in New York upon Spiritualism, fully twenty-five years ago, that I first met Elder Frederic. The Shakers were holding a public meeting in the city. I stepped into the hall just as they were singing,

“God is infinitely able
To sustain the weak and feeble.”

The music was so unique, so thrilling and yet so touching and tender; their clothing was so queer, yet sensible; their faces was so clean, calm and almost shining with spirituality, that I was smitten and warmed with a most heavenly baptismal influence; it was a divine touch of the new heaven and the new earth. Soon I was a visitor at Mount Lebanon, and in spirit I have never left it.

Knowing Elder Frederic intimately at home, on ocean steamers and in foreign lands, and loving him, too, as friend, father and spiritual counsellor, it is only justice that I say, I never knew a man so rigidly true to his convictions. Careless of his reputation and popularity, he was exceedingly careful of his conscience and his character. He knew no fear. Seemingly stern at times, his heart was as tender as a child's. He vigorously practiced the principles that he taught. When upon the platform he wielded a two-edged sword. He hated sin. He was ever a terror to licentious, land-grabbing, tobacco-pickled, pork-fed sinners.

For over fifty years he had abstained from all animal food. He was a more thoroughgoing hygienist than Pythagoras, or his friend, A. Bronson Alcott.

While on one of our missionary tours to England we were invited to breakfast with Mr. Herbert, a member of Parliament. Others—parliamentary and literary gentlemen—were among the guests. When called to the breakfast table Elder Frederic took from his hand-grip a great piece of coarse graham bread and laid it upon his plate. One of the gentlemen remarked: "I see you've brought your breakfast with you." "Yea," was the meek reply; "I did not suppose you'd have much that was fit to eat. Your wines, meats, teas, coffees, are all trash. You stuff yourselves with them, get sick, pay doctors' bills, and then don't live out half your days. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves." These sentences fell upon the guests like so many thunder claps, arousing criticism and discussion. Immediately, almost, the Elder was the hero of the table—preaching hygiene, Shakerism, Spiritualism, women's rights and community of property. Our breakfast session lasted two hours.

Originally a rank, hardheaded Materialist, a co-worker with Robert Owen and others of that school, he was converted to Spiritualism through his own mediumship. He always contended that he could not do full justice to the spirits and the spiritual manifestations that convinced him of a future life. Suffice it to say that he heard sounds and felt the touch of unseen presences when alone in his room. His bed was shaken by night, and he felt frequently what seemed like the fluttering of angel wings. These physical manifestations continued with him till he was fully con-

vinced of the truth of spirit-communion—a truth that he esteemed above all price.

I have listened by the hour to his recitals of spiritual manifestations occurring in the Shaker families long before the Fox sisters' manifestations near Rochester, N. Y. He contended that Spiritualism bore much the same relation to Shakerism that John the Baptist bore to Christ. Each was proper and true in its time and place.

In the departure of Elder Frederic to the higher life the Society of Believers has lost a most vigilant watchman upon the walls of Zion. But their—*our*—loss is his gain. He fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, and has received a crown. J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Sanitarium, San Antonio, Texas.

FROM JAMES BURNS.

EDITOR OF "MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK," LONDON, ENGLAND.

"Elder F. W. Evans passed out from time to immortality, March 6, in the 85th year of his age; peacefully, painlessly, beautifully.—Sincerely thy friend. ANNA WHITE.

Mount Lebanon, March 7.

Thus the post-card. Daily we had been expecting the Elder's portrait, with some account of his life, for the Medium. His last writing was to the effect that he thought of giving his autobiography more fully, as some thought he had rather hidden it under his more prominent treatment of the Apocalypse, in a work which he published many years ago. We replied that we thought his own personal work, views and experiences would be extremely instructive, interesting and stimulating. But he has been taken away to another realm to unfold his life there. Who can

regret that he has entered upon his eternal inheritance? It is to be hoped some of his friends may be able to give such a statement as he had in view. We shall be glad of the portrait and particulars for this paper.

FROM HAMPTON C. BULL,

*An old-time friend and townsman, now eighty years of age,
who has long been Justice of the Peace in New Lebanon.*

Friendly hearts are beating, care worn and distressed,
Round the worthy brother gone now to his rest ;
Every one regretting that the household chain
Deemed heretofore so perfect, is broken now in twain.
Each one now in fancy loves to linger there,
Restless, sadly leaning o'er the old arm chair,
Ideally listening for the voice that's silent now ;
Looking for the sunlight on that once glad brow ;
Kneeling 'neath the shadow death's dark angel flings,
E're beside earth's children droops his sable wings :—
Vain ! Oh vain ! Hearts grow weary, warm tears flow
As we dreaming wander to the "long ago."
Nervous, bending earthward 'neath the heart's stern strife,
Sighing in our anguish—*Such alas, is life.*

* * * * *

May not there be rejoicing mid the hosts above
O'er those redeemed, made perfect, thro' God's saving love?
Undying spirits bending beside the Father's throne
Now hymn eternal praises to His name alone.
The soul no suffering knows, nor grief, nor want, nor care,
Lo ! all is joy and gladness, peace and sunlight there.
End then your weary weeping, fond hearts still your woe,
Be joyful, from earth's sorrow he was called to go.
For while ye are mourning, o'er earthly ties thus riven,
Noble angel bands welcome him in Heaven.
Oh ! earth is full of sorrow, trial pain and strife,
None but would exchange it for Eternal Life.

New Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

FROM DR. M. L. HOLBROOK,

Editor of "The Journal of Hygiene" and "Herald of Health," New York.

Elder Evans, so long the honored head of the Shaker Community at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., has passed on to his heavenly home. We cannot say he is dead, for such spirits never die. For many years it has been our privilege to know him intimately as a frequent inmate of our home. For the last three or four years we have noticed that he was gradually nearing the border land. His age was eighty-five. The work he has done for Shaker societies has been very great, and not less for the whole world. Sympathizing with every effort for the good of the race, his voice and his pen have never been idle when there was reason for their use in any cause. A reader of this journal from its first inception, he was thoroughly imbued with the laws of health and their importance, and not only practiced them himself, but caused his society and other societies to adopt all the best means of healthful living. His reward was uninterrupted good health to an advanced age. It may also be stated that he and his society were vegetarians. He adopted this system nearly sixty years ago, and has faithfully adhered to it ever since, and preached it whenever opportunity offered. We extend our sympathies to the society of which he has been such a faithful and efficient leader in their loss.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

All that can be said or written of the grand old Shaker life that has just passed away in the death of Elder Fred-eric W. Evans of Mount Lebanon, gives but a small index

to one of the greatest and most remarkable characters of the century in this country. As a radical and advanced thinker he was known the world over. He was oak and rock in the great conflict of humanity. As a sympathizer with the wearied individual mind, and a comforter of the burdened soul, he was the refreshing dews and flowers of heaven. Those who could claim him as a friend found their lives enriched. I think I am his youngest personal friend outside his family, and I can say truthfully that no human calculation can measure what he has done to my life. My character will bear the marks of his influence so long as it exists. He taught me to be indefatigable in my search for truth, and when I found the seed to nourish it into broad leaf and glowing tasseled flower. He impressed upon me what was justice, what was right, what was tolerance, in a way always to be remembered. To know him was to love him. I held him in estimation above all others and when every friend failed I could look to him for advice and help. His character was one to inspire reverence in all who came in contact with it. Last June when I carried his blessing away to the city with me I left him with a pruning knife in his aged hand. I thought to myself, "good old man you will carry on your battle of ideas a long time yet." It seemed to me that such remarkable physical vigor must possess the virtue of endurance. But having passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, and the great heart being weary for a moment, he "used his burden for a pillow and fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still."

"O, World ! O, Earth why strive ye ?
Join the low chant they sing—
O Grave, where is thy victory !
O Death, where is thy sting !"

He was the foe to superstitions, "the friend of all heroic souls," the defender of the weak and the champion of the oppressed. It was only the other day I was accidentally brought into the presence of a family in distress in the great metropolis where a large share of the world's sin and sickness is festering. They were worrying over debts—that nightmare of ruined lives and ruined reputations. I quieted their fears by telling them they could not be hurt if they owned nothing. "The law of imprisonment for debt," said I, "has long ago been abolished in this state. And do you know that you can thank a white-haired old Shaker for your release from that responsibility to-day."

This of course is only one of the many progressive purposes with which he was connected as all the world knows. He fought the wrong of church and state. He endeavored to establish societies based upon equality and labor for all. He contended for the equal rights for women with his intellectual sword ever unsheathed. And a woman who has struggled in her bondage in competition with man under the present social system which is an outrage against her, will honor his memory until her brain becomes incapable of action. If the tears of one woman, who saw in him her possible emancipation, shed, not as a regret for what he welcomed as a blessed day of deliverance from earthly strife after the candle had burned close to the socket and thrown its beams across the ocean's slope as his good deeds will forever shine in this sin-darkened world—but regretful that henceforth she must find her way over the steeps alone without his help. If her tears could turn into blossoms for his grave, "he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers." Words are but a poor tribute to his worth and I, like my Shaker friends and his children, cannot feel that

he has quite gone from me. The unseen world lies very near—it holds that which has stirred the depths within us. Every heart is filled with the memory of a pure and noble soul, which through a self-sacrificing life had been sustained by the faith which fills that form with breath and substance. I rejoice that his principles can be perpetuated by those he has served so well.

His grave is in the little Shaker church-yard. It is a quiet memorial and tells you simply that the man who lies there took upon him faithfully the office of guide and instructor to his fellow men. But there is another memorial of the Shaker father which bears further record. It is men and women rescued from self despair, strengthened with divine hopes who can look back, when their time comes to follow him home, on years of purity and helpful labor. The man who has left such a memorial behind him must have been one whose heart beat with true compassion and whose lips were moved by fervent faith.

MARTHA A. SHIPMAN, New York city.

GLEANINGS.

GLEANINGS.

EDUCATION THE KEY OF KNOWLEDGE.

“Go to the ant thou sluggard,” and be instructed in the virtue of industrial organization. Why go to the ant? Rather let the brethren go to the sisterhood; not alone to learn industry, but also to learn order; to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Let them go into the apartments of the sisters, and see the system of things. Lamps, tables, chairs, books and all the little niceties that make up the work-table—everything in order and in its place. And much of the order that there is existing in brethren’s rooms is the result of sisters’ thought, care and labor. Go into the kitchen and observe the extreme cleanliness attained; food is cooked, not spoiled. Let brethren note all this, and they will learn the secret why the sisters are more spiritual than their brethren, and why they are more sure pillars in the household of faith. The Elder sisters keep the gift—hold the fort: it is woman’s day: the Divine Mother of all sentient beings, who has been hidden from carnal eyes, from ages and æons, is being revealed. Because human beings are less carnal—more spiritual—humanity progresses.

On the other hand, the brethren intervene between woman and the rough, crude elements, human and material, and shield them, so that they can work in safety and peace; even as woman intervenes between the uncouth, rough element in the brethren and the angel element in the spiritual world. God’s house is a house of order: organ-

ization is operating throughout creation. The ant exhibits the law. What can be more perfect than the governmental arrangement of the ant-hill or bee-hive?

In human affairs perhaps the military organization exceeds all others in perfection. Is it not singular that such should be the case? Is destruction rather than construction the ruling power? It appears to be so, thus far in human history. What is history but a record of the master minds of the race contending with each other for place and power over the ignorant masses, who are kept in ignorance that they may thus become helpless tools in their hands?

Education, the key of knowledge, must be assumed as the first duty of government. All children are born equal in ignorance and helplessness: Let them be as equally educated out of that ignorance. Keep all children in public industrial, self-supporting schools until twenty-one years of age: first, as learners; then, as teachers. Let there be no place found for unrepubli- can class-schools—high schools, academies, colleges, in the great American Republic—unless you want it to become a great military despotism, ending in monarchy.

F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

Is not American republicanism destined to break in pieces all other forms of government on the face of the earth, and itself become universal? Is it not the new earth—the kingdom of right—that the spirit of prophecy predicted would be set up by the God of heaven, and which would stand forever?

“Babylon the great” is Christendom. The Catholic Church is the “mother” of the Protestant Churches ; they are “harlots” because they are improperly joined to the civil governments, and are exact “images” of the mother Church—“the Beast”—in that respect. Rome is “infallible;” is not each of the Protestant Churches just as infallible? They say that there can be only “one true Church,” and which of them fails to claim to be that one Church? See in how many “essentials” all the Churches—mother and daughters—are fully in accord.

1. In every one the union of the civil and ecclesiastical exists—the Pope, the Czar of Russia, the Queen of England, the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Spain, &c., are heads of Church and State Governments.

2. They all stand upon war—force—the sword and sceptre.

3. These Church and State sovereigns all claim the land as their rightful property. The law is “The King that can do no wrong.” Ability to govern is hereditary in monarchs, nobles, and nabobs.

4. In theology, a trinity of male Gods, the sacrificial death of one of them as atonement for Adam’s sin, which is entailed upon his posterity.

5. An eternal heaven and hell, into one of which the souls of all enter at death (which ends probation,) there to remain until a resurrection of all human bodies, that will occur at the judgment day—a physical resurrection.

6. No probation after death ; no hope for the heathen or for the non-elect.

7. Generation and Christianity are united. these are “essentials” with their variations, in all Churches, except

the American Church—the Shaker Church—which is infidel to the theology of Babylon and loyal to the American civil Government. That Government was founded by skeptics, who repudiated the Old World Church and State theologies, and formed a Constitution forbidding all legislation upon the subject of religion.

A purely secular Government, that will become a perfect dual republic, by abolishing sex slavery, chattel slavery, wages slavery, poverty and war, and educational tyranny.

It will establish industrial, self-supporting public schools, to which all children born will be sent, and will receive a republican education—purely secular and purely American. All class monopoly schools and colleges will be supplanted as un-American and un-republican, as they also are unchristian.

F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

JESUS AN IDOL.

That Jesus was the Christ, was born the Christ ; that (after the immaculate conception) he was perfect, from birth to death, is what Antichrist has always taught.

The practical result has been that his professed followers style themselves “miserable sinners,” with no hope and “no health in them.” The *atonement* is their only remedy—the blood of Jesus. If there had been no persons wicked enough to kill him, there would have been no blood, and they would all have gone to hell. According to this theology, Jesus was not a normal being ; knew nothing, personally, of human sins and imperfections ; had no “travail from faith to faith ;” was not *a man*, or “the son of man.”

Is not this position untenable, unphilosophical, unscriptural and unchristian? Were this doctrine true there would be no ground for, nor any need of a Second Appearing of Christ to redeem a human female—a woman—as the First Appearing was to redeem a man. For, as yet, there has been no *first* appearing—no *first* man redeemed; and therefore it is out of order for the Shakers to assume that Ann Lee, a woman—a normal human being, possessed of all the constituent principles and elements of fallen mankind; a miserable sinner, living in generation, with all the lusts of self-indulgences, in which there is *no use*—no good;—that she was the embodiment of the second Christ. And moreover, this including private property principles, with war, might, regardless of right; taking possession of the primary element of human existence—the land; all wars being settled by “material guarantees”—that is, by *more* land to the victors. And this land is held by Government and landholders, in unlimited quantities; it is held from the possession of thousands, who are dependent upon its products, to sustain life, from day to day. Those products are yielded only by labor; which labor the landholder extorts from the rightful owner—the dispossessed, landless person, whether male or female. Slavery is the inevitable result; all persons possessing no land, are slaves of those who have the land in possession, and have robbed them *legally*, of their inalienable rights of “an inheritance in the earth.” “Blessed are the meek” (those who have abjured war) “for they shall inherit the earth”—land—and hold it as community property: these will “do unto others as they would have others do unto them;” and having crucified self, will each one “seek another’s wealth and not their own.”

To the antichristian, is not Jesus as much an idol, clothed with a character that he had no hand in forming, than the idol had in making the garments with which it is covered, or the costly jewels with which it is adorned? In what respect was he our pattern? How did he set us an example, and require us to follow in his footsteps, and bear a daily cross, as he bore it? How can we say, "As he was, so are we, in this world?" Why, after his death, is it said, "Jesus was not yet perfected," "Jesus learned obedience by the things that he suffered;" "Jesus saw the travail of his soul, and was satisfied?" All of these, and many similar expressions imply, and are only consistent upon the hypothesis that Jesus was a *man* like the rest of us, just as much as Ann Lee was a woman; that he was the "first-born among many brethren" in the Resurrection order; "was tempted in all points, like those whom he came to redeem," because he was one of them, and himself needed redemption just as his brethren needed redemption. Therefore he could say to his struggling companions, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world;" and you can overcome as I have done. "Ye are gods unto whom the word of God came," and therefore I am not a blasphemer in calling myself a son of God.

All genuine Shakers are Christians, sons and daughters of God who is their spiritual Father and Mother. The Christ spirit, having by its first appearance succeeded in redeeming a *man*, has now made its second appearance to redeem a *woman*, thus making of twain one new spiritual man. In the Lord the man is not without the woman or the woman without the man. The children are children of the resurrection order who neither marry nor are given in marriage. And now we have a Priest and a Priestess who

“can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities,” because they have been tempted and tried, just as we and our successors in office are tempted and tried. Ann Lee is no more the direct head in our society or the Shaker Order, than George Washington is the President of these United States.

F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

SPIRITUALISM.

The advent of modern spiritualism was in the fall of 1837, many years before the “Rochester Rappings.” It took place in the Shaker Order, which at that time was composed of eighteen societies; these again, being subdivided into nearly seventy families.

The “manifestations,” as we termed them, commenced in the Watervliet society, N. Y., seven miles from Albany. Two young girls began to see spirits, who, through them delivered messages to the leading authorities of the society, of so wonderful a nature, and with such power and demonstration of occult knowledge—so far exceeding the capacity of the girls—as commanded implicit credence, from all who witnessed them.

From Watervliet, it spread throughout all the societies and families. Spiritual intelligences directed and controlled the movement from its commencement to its final close at the end of seven years, when the ruling spirits announced the entire withdrawal of the spirits from the whole Shaker Order at a given time and simultaneously. They also stated, that they were going out into the whole world, and that there was not a palace or hamlet on the earth which they would not visit. At the time appointed, meetings

were held with the ministering spirits, and a most affectionate farewell was taken of them, many tears were shed at this parting ; it was very affecting, as all parties had become much attached to one another. Then the manifestations ceased.

The spirits predicted that, when they had done their work in the earth outside, they would return to Zion—the Shaker Order, and that then there would be a great extension of Shakerism, as being “the New Heavens,” wherein the resurrection of human souls out of and above the generative life—involving private property, and war in all its phases—would be effected. Contemporary with its rise, would be a “New Earthly Order,” in which would “dwell righteousness” in generation and in private property ; all “wars would cease, to the ends of the earth.” And animals should no longer be killed for human food. Hygiene would prevent any rational being from saying, “I am sick.” “He who killed an ox would be accounted as one who slew a man.”

Thus, in and through spiritualism, are coming up “New Heavens and a New Earth ;” and the present heavens and earth—church and state—will “pass away with a great noise,” and amid “battles of shaking.” Truth will triumph. Shakerism and Republicanism will exist amongst all peoples, as the waters cover the sea.

Spiritualism went through three distinct phases, in the Shaker Order ; it will do the same in the world, but the three phases will all be in operation among different peoples at the same time—just as spring, summer, autumn, winter, are all in existence and operation at one and the same time on the earth. The first phase was phenomenal ;

the second, conviction ; the third, salvation from physical and spiritual evil.

Are not a large class of Spiritualists at the end of the phenomenal phase, and asking themselves and the spirits, what amount of good it has done? As we were, so we are—subject to all the lusts of the flesh and the mind. The mountain has brought forth a mouse—the spirits have given us wind. Now we want sustenance—we want to become better men and women. “Lord, send by whom thou wilt send,” even if be by the Shakers. Tell us what, and how, we shall do to be saved from our abnormal appetites, passions and propensities that make earth-life a hell, and heaven unendurable. F. W. EVANS.

SECOND CYCLE OF SHAKERISM.

ELDER EVANS CONFIDENT OF THE SHAKER'S FUTURE—THEY
HAVE THE TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

“Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?”

I notice in the Banner of Light of May 3 a question about Shakerism, viz: “What is to be the ultimate of Shaker societies? The old laborers are passing on to their final home, and no responsible young people are coming in to fill their places. Is this faith to be retained in its present relationship, or is the second advent or cycle to take on a different phase which will meet the coming necessities of mankind?”

Many, both within and without, are much exercised in their minds over those important queries. Much of the difficulty arises from the premises that some of the old

Believers assumed as foundational to the system ; or, in other words, they did not change enough to become entirely "new creatures" when they entered the new order. They put the new wine into old bottles, and there has been bursting all along the line. With them the God of Israel was, as he had been heretofore, a male Deity ; Jesus was the Christ ; and the Bible virtually the Word of God. The Gospel cycle, as established, was perfect ; it was only for people to come to it. It was only one cycle. Consequently, when some Believers talk about a "second cycle" they are held up to be illogical ; they are stealing somebody's thunder. Again, the founders of the societies were not children ; they were the ripened fruit of the tree of humanity ; "men and women to be wondered at." They formed no creed. Father James Whittaker prophetically saw and declared that "the Church would pass through seven travails." That, of itself, is a most remarkable statement : it shows that some of the founders were, like John the Baptist, capable of seeing beyond themselves, and that was dearer than self to their hearts.

The first cycle or travail has lasted 100 years. It opened with the revelation of God as a dual, not a trinitarian being but as a father and mother ; God is spirit. Its first doctrine was to be saved ; to be imbued with power from on high, individually ; to do no wrong, but to possess a conscience void of offences, both toward God and man. Past wrongs were all to be righted ; past sins against God or man to be confessed and forsaken. The first practical step in the new life was to rise out of generation into the resurrection ; that is, to become pure in heart, thought, and imagination, instead of having eyes full of adultery ; to think no evil, but to die to the generative life of the first Adam, so that there

should be neither male nor female, but all should be one in Christ Jesus, living a pure, celibate life.

The next doctrine was death to the private property principle—mine and thine ; no one said of aught that they had, that it was their own. Then followed the peace, non-resistance principle ; death to the war element in humanity ; neither to give nor to take offence ; to love one another, to love their neighbor as they loved themselves, and to prove that love by working for each other ; eating together, dressing plainly and alike—having a community of interests.

If in New York city a hundred capitalists, worth their thousands, should say to a hundred poor men and women, we love you as we love ourselves, and will take you into our families as members thereof, to eat and drink, to work and recreate, just as we do," would the citizens believe them ? This is what Shakers have done for the last hundred years, and are doing, believing it to be the kingdom of heaven so long prayed for. Are they mistaken ?

Neither is the statement about the decline true in the broad manner in which it is made. It would apply externally to some societies and families, not to all. Supposing that there were not a society in existence but Lebanon, nor a family in Lebanon but the North Family, what difference would it make to the men and women who are coming from the east, west, north, and south, to sit down in the kingdom of heaven order, of whose increase, to order and establish it in justice and righteousness, there will be no end ? What of it ? Many republics were attempted in past ages ; and they succeeded partially, and then failed, because they were not perfect in their organization as republics, and would not increase with the increase of God and humanity. They assumed to be republics, but were not,

even as ours is not a true republic, one-half of the population being deprived of their inalienable rights of citizenship in not being allowed what the other half claim. Therefore, as the new States are progressing beyond the old, so will new Shaker societies progress far beyond the old, and it will only be a question whether the old will come into the new increase or become extinct.

What sensible women will stay in Massachusetts or New York to be treated as idiots or slaves, when in a week they can be domiciled in Wyoming? If they do stay, it will be to progress Massachusetts and New York up to where Wyoming is, as a republic.

F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE SISTERHOOD.

NORTH FAMILY, HEALING DEPARTMENT, APRIL 18, 1891.

TO MABEL LANE AND SARAH BODINE, as representing the company of young Sisters in the North Family.

Dear Sisters:—

Your beautiful letters of the 5th inst. came into my hands together; and I was much pleased and comforted in spirit by their Gospel contents.

I rejoice continually, that the North Family is blessed by such a noble sisterhood; with good, true and capable Elder sisters, who but a few years ago were where the nice company of young sisters now are; and these are well supported by a goodly number of mothers in Israel. The family is as well off in respect to numbers and ability *on the sisters' side*, as it was when I came into it on the 3rd of June, 1830. From various general and local causes, operating in all families and societies, both in and out of Zion, the numbers on the brethren's side are fewer. The same law is operative in religious organizations in the world; the females predominate.

For eighteen hundred years, God was known only as "Our Father," even Jesus did not reach "our Mother who art in heaven," and all civil and religious organizations on the earth were and are founded upon that half truth respecting Deity. There has been, and there is increasing, a universal dissatisfaction with existing systems, and also a general and universal expectation of something better that is coming in the not distant future ;—a "Second Appearing of Christ"; a "Utopia"; "Looking Backward"; a "Millennium"; a prayer, "Let thy kingdom come, and let the Second Messiah appear,"—extending even to the Indians. It did not come, and a female messiah appeared a century ago ; and what a change has been wrought already, in governments, in systems and in individuals. Only the historian can realize it.

It is *woman's day*. If woman is to be redeemed through spiritual resurrection, there is no fear but that man will, in due time, stand beside her, and "the council of peace will be betwixt them both"; "the man will not be without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord," any more than they are or will be without each other in nature. But in England, there are a million more women than men ; and in Massachusetts something like half that number. In the New Creation, woman is the glory of the man as in the Old Creation she is the shame of the man—"a necessary evil"; and the cry raised, "Marriage is a failure !" will never more cease. "I have heard from the Lord of hosts, a desolation even determined upon the whole land and people."

Dear young sisters, when you wish to see the crown of glory and blessedness that it will be yours to wear when the race is run, the battle fought, and the victory which is to the overcomer, you have only to look at living witnesses of your own sex, still in our midst. "By their fruits ye shall know them." You will be women "to be wondered at" even as they are. Knowing the Scriptures aright, and "the power of the resurrection," you will be first-fruits unto God, a part of the elect, who are called to stand upon Mount Zion *on the earth*, as did Jesus in a partial imperfect and masculine dispensation. And when you enter the spirit spheres, it will be with joy and rejoicing on the part of the Christ-angels who will hail you as earth-sinners who have repented and forsaken the sin of earth, who have washed themselves free from all filthiness of flesh and spirit. You will be saviors to human souls, each one saying to them "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world,

the flesh, and the devil of selfishness." "You also can conquer by perseverance and endurance, and with faces set like flints towards the right, can become members one of another in households of faith, each one seeking another's wealth and not their own; in honor preferring one another, loving your brother or sister as you love yourselves; thus fulfilling the law, the prophets, and the Gospel of a heavenly Father and Mother."

In the history of Jesus, we see the child and boy, instead of accepting the indulgences common to his age, or absorbing the weaknesses and frailties of his parents, leaving them prematurely, going beyond them among the wise men of the age asking questions. When his parents rebuked him, his reply was, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Yet, he returned and was subject to them until legally free. In our day many children are disobedient to their natural parents, and rebellious against their spiritual teachers; if raised in, or gathered into the "household of faith," they want all the indulgence that the church will allow. There is no element of reform or progress in them, "they are seed of Cain," and will leave the world the worse for having lived in it. All children come into the "valley of decision" where it is decided which order they belong to; if to the spiritual, they will not "measure themselves among themselves," but by the faith with which they are blessed. They will look ahead, foreseeing the evils of life, and forestalling them. When I was a boy, I noticed some very respectable men who drank, smoked, and ran into debt. I resolved to do none of these things and under all temptations, in travelling round the world and mingling with all kinds of people, I have kept my resolve. The natural children "go out from amongst us because they are not of us," and do not belong to the Order. If young people will reverence and bless the good in their predecessors as you young sisters do, in turn, they also will inherit a blessing.

Your aged brother, in love,

F. W. EVANS.

MT. LEBANON, COL. CO., N. Y.

LEO TOLSTOI.

Dear Friend and Brother :—Your welcome letter is received. There is much union of sentiment between us and more union of spirit. Wisdom says, "I love those, who love me; and we love those who are in

the same degree of light and truth that we ourselves are in. It is wonderful what clear ideas you have in relation to the definition of the words Christian and Christianity. You are ministered unto by a Christ spirit as Jesus was. It is not for yourself alone, but is for thousands of other souls with whom you are connected who are ripe for the harvest sickle. The end of the world is coming upon them.

Russia is a mighty Empire, it has produced large numbers of spiritual men and women in the past under the first appearing of Christ in the male order. They knew God as a Heavenly Father, but not as a Heavenly Mother. They had a male Priesthood order. They were a John the Baptist people, who looked, waited and prayed for the "coming of our Lord." They were sincere and self-sacrificing, but knew not how to pray *aright*, having been blinded by theological ignorance and consequent error.

The Mennonites and Moravians, what a noble people! And many others bearing different names, but all actuated by the same Christ spirit, down to the Quakers or Friends who came nigh unto the Kingdom of Heaven.

These were the "Two Witnesses"—male and female—who prophesied and prayed and practiced christian virtues "in part." Religious persecutions have not been "in part," but in whole, and those who brought their opposers to the "Holy Inquisition" or killed them by the thousands under the Duke of Alva or by a "Saint Bartholomew Massacre," thought they were doing God good service.

All the great European nations are *Christian*. War is a permanent institution among them. They are exhausting their national resources, fighting or "in peace preparing to fight." Do they not pray to the same God to help them to kill each other? Could the devil do worse by them?

You ask: "How do you manage to keep communal, but nevertheless, property. Do you think it possible for a Christian to defend property from usurpers?" These are important questions. Jesus said: "Be ye perfect, even as your father in heaven is perfect." That is the *end* of our christian travel, but is it the *beginning*? Did Jesus come to it while yet in the body? "Jesus was not yet perfected," this was said of him after his death.

If we scrutinize closely the history of Jesus, from birth to death, do we not see a growth from where he was to where he would be? "He

saw the travel of his soul and was satisfied." Suppose we had a list of the sins he confessed to John before he was baptized and previous to the time when the Christ Spirit descended upon him, and then suppose we make another list of the various transgressions and violations of the abstract principles of Christianity as you and I *now* see them, what would be the result? Should we not conclude that he was an "elder brother" and "was touched with the feeling of our infirmities?" He had the same nature, and by it "was tempted in all respects like those whom the Christ spirit came to redeem." He was simply "the first born of many brethren," just as Ann Lee was the first born of many sisters.

Of course Antichrist has reversed all this. Those calling themselves Christians have taken the sword and have perished by it. Peter had a sword and a sheath to put it into after he had cut off a man's ear. That was not "non-resistance." What were the Apostles doing with "two swords," and why did Jesus tell his followers to sell their garments and to buy swords?

The Mennonites, Moravians and Quakers were non-resistants. Not until the separation of Church and State by "the Horns" Infidel powers—that grew out of the Beast" in the American Revolution, could "communal property" be held by non-resistants. That is the "New Earth," and as it becomes more perfect in its righteousness, the "New Heavens" will be nearer perfect in all the christian virtues. It will travel from faith to faith through seven cycles, unto the perfect day, the light shining brighter and brighter until the light of "one day shall be as the light of seven days."

We hold and defend our communal property under the Civil laws of the "New Earth," but in no case, nor under any circumstances should we injure a fellow being. You see that our Civil government is the voice of the people—*vox populi vox Dei*—and the people who are the rulers are more progressed than are the rulers of Russia, or of any Church-and-State government on the face of the earth.

We, the Shakers, under the American secular government, can carry out the abstract principles, taught by the revelation of the Christ spirit, more perfectly than has hitherto been done by mortal men and women, just as we carry out sexual purity, notwithstanding the sexes are brought face to face in every day life, being without bolts and bars, in the same household of faith.

You are "pained" at our ideas concerning Ann Lee, and spirit intercourse" between parties in and out of mortal bodies. I suppose it to be caused by misconceptions of what our views have been and what they are at *present*. What they were when the "Millennial Church" was written leave to the people of those times. Paul said: "When I was a child, I thought and spake as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things and thought and spake as a man."

Should that not be the case with those who are in the "kingdom of heaven" of whose *increase* and government, to order and establish it in justice and judgment, "there should be no end?" The little stone cut out of the mountain, without hands—by revelation—*grew* and became a great mountain, and filled the earth.

At one time, the God of Israel told Moses that he would not lead the people of Israel hereafter, but that he would appoint an angel in his place, as leader. Israel, instead of increasing with the increase of God, retrograded.

I propose to send you some of my writings and shall be much obliged if you will spare the time to read and criticise them. Why should not theological problems be subject to the same rigid logic that mathematical problems are subject to? And why should not theologians be as cool and self-possessed as are mathematicians? If possible, they should be far more so; they should love one another, and that would be like oil in all parts of a complicated piece of machinery.

Dear friend: Come to Lebanon and see what God hath wrought, then, return and establish the Order in Russia, with consent of the Government, which the Shaker Order can and will obtain for you.

Calvin Green, one of our prophets, many years ago, predicted a glorious spiritual work in Russia, and he was very enthusiastic upon the subject. A Russian minister visited Lebanon and was very friendly. Has not the time arrived? And art not "thou the man?"

In *our* Church, the government is of God. It is not of the people. "Ye have *not* chosen me, but I have chosen *you*," and Revelation of God is the Rock upon which the Church is founded, and the "gates of Hell"—religious controversy—"will not prevail against it."

We repeat, come and see us, it will do you good. A poor, uneducated factory woman has confounded the wisdom of all *men*, reformers, legislators and scholars who have come to nothing as promoters of human happiness. Their systems have ended, in Christendom, as you

now see it, and as Booth and those who inspired him, saw it. The end is coming.

With love to yourself and family I remain your friend,

F. W. EVANS.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., U. S. A., Dec. 31st, 1890.

H. N. TERRY, Editor *Harbinger of Light*, Australia.

Dear Friend:—In turning over my old letters, I was so fortunate as to find your letter of the 18th of March, 1889; and I thereby obtained your address.

I have always entertained a kindly feeling for you that I can hardly account for. Perhaps the visit of my near and dear old friend and brother, Dr. J. M. Peebles, has something to do with it: he was your guest. I wish yourself and all the Australian Spiritualists a happy 1891. May the heavens come down upon you, and fructify the good seed sown by the *Harbinger of Light*.

I enclose to you an obituary of Elder Giles B. Avery, (lately deceased); who was the central man of our Order. We expect to hear from him. And this letter will introduce him to you, as a specimen of utilized spiritualism. Receive him kindly if he materializes in some of your circles. He will show you how to organize spiritualists, and how to establish a Pentecostal Church on the old foundation of true Christianity;—the confession and repentance of sin; celibacy of male and female, each having their own confessor, and each helping the other to be pure in thought—in heart; with a community of goods, that will abolish “mine” and “thine,” will do away with rich and poor, and will put an end to priests, doctors and all forms of idleness by which a few live upon the labors of the many. All will work; those who will not work shall not eat—will be starved to death; that will be the only form of capital punishment known in the Millennium. The victim can always avoid death by repenting and going to work. Mother Ann—the second Messiah—said: “Put your hands to work, and your hearts to God.”

Bellamy's “Looking Backward” is a reflection from Shakerism; as the moon reflects the light of the sun, so is Shakerism throwing light upon the sin-darkened earthly order of church and state.

I enclose a tract entitled "Two Orders." And I think I shall send you a small package of Shaker reading-matter. If we are mad, there is some system and method in our madness. "Two Orders" will solve many problems that have hitherto confounded the wise and prudent, and will redeem humanity from many forms of evil.

A hundred years of practical demonstration, such as the Shakers have shown the world, is of inestimable value. When mankind overcome the prejudice that orthodoxy has created, and look the facts in the face, they will see that some fundamental, new ideas have originated with Shakerism; and that men and women have been redeemed from the evils innate in humanity, to a degree not attained, even by Jesus, his disciples, or the Pentecostal Church.

Shakerism is, emphatically, the corner-stone which the builders of the temple of a true, universal church and a true universal republic have, hitherto rejected.

F. W. EVANS.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y. U. S. A., MARCH 23RD, 1891.

ALEXANDER R. WEBB, Manilla, Philippine Islands.

Dear Friend :—Your welcome letter of the 30th of January came to hand on the 16th inst; and I was very glad to hear from you again.

We are both busy men, although in somewhat different lines—I find that I am writing without glasses—forgot them; have never used any but young glasses. Health pretty good; am in my 83rd year and hope to reach 100 years. I should much like to see your family circle. The mother is no common woman, and the daughters inherit her good qualities, and are blessed by her virtuous, self-denying example; and with such a father, all must be comparatively happy. You bless the good, and those who bless God in their fellows, are blessed of God.

I shall send you some more reading matter, being anxious that you should know the Shakers aright. All the world over the Order is misunderstood, as respects our theological system. I expect we have been hidden for a purpose by the over-ruling Spirit who has charge of the Resurrection Order. "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to those who are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded their eyes."

I have just received a long letter from a preacher who states that he has been studying the Old and New Testament for 25 years; and he

wonders that such a man as I am cannot see the absurdity of celibacy, seeing that it would inevitably exterminate the race. This idea was held by Shakers themselves, until I came forward as a theologian. I soon saw that there were to be *two orders*—the natural and the spiritual; that clears away obstructions—"New Heavens and a New Earth, wherein should dwell righteousness." All reform among the nations have reference to one or the other of these two orders. Hitherto, when men like Leo Tolstoi began to see what genuine Christianity called for, they applied it to mankind en masse. It "made confusion worse confounded." The infidel cried, "Superstition;" the priesthood, "Heresy," and all saw that it was "impracticable." Ann Lee *began* the process of unravelling "the mystery of godliness and of iniquity;" but she saw only in the light of one cycle. Now we see—begin to see in the light of the second cycle, and two orders are recognized, where, heretofore, only one was admissible, and instead of being accused of designing to "run the world out," the literati, who go to the encyclopedias in the libraries for information, will learn that they have been misled by *authentic* Shaker works, and that all cyclopedias need to be revised on this point.

What you say of the difficulty of "serving two masters," who are the antipodes of one another in their requirements and exactions, is as true to-day as it was in the days of Jesus and Ann Lee. "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and receive not of her plagues"—was their remedy.

We read Bellamy's Work, when it first came out. He lives in Massachusetts and he has been well acquainted with the Shaker system all his days. He knew of its successful, economic results in settling all disputes about capital and labor; he knew, too, that thousands of human beings had ignored private property for a hundred years; and had taken the ground, that whoso would not work, should not eat; thus making work honorable and aristocratic idleness—made possible by robbery—was shameful, and in a Shaker village, unfashionable. Unfashionable, too, were all the unhealthy, silly modes of disfiguring the well-made, beautiful human form. He saw a people so independently rich, without speculation, that they originated their own modes and manner of living in all respects. Their hygienic habits created healthy bodies, that needed no paints to hide the diseases that lust creates—"the ills that flesh is heir to," a community, where the two

sexes live together in sexual purity, while caring for and ministering to one another's daily needs and comforts. Bellamy in his utopian book ignored the Shakers and their achievements, while he appropriated the main facts of their wonderful lives and system, to make himself the observed of all observers, for the time being. When Shakerism comes to be read as Bellamy's book is being read—and it will be—it will reveal the source of his plagiarism. He takes occasion to cast a sneer at celibacy. But smoking tobacco is one of his enjoyments, and what form of evil would not chime in with that? At the same time, see what God hath wrought through consecrated souls like Daniel Frazer and Antoinette Doolittle, Jane Knight, and their associates, in spreading truthful ideas that are agitating the world of humanity. Even the consuls and the preachers are set to thinking whether God is not able to make all human beings happy, on this earth, either in the New Earth or the New Heavens.

All peace is taken from the world, and hereafter there will be "no peace for the wicked." Sickness will be held to be a sin, as poverty and want are now; slavery, in all its degrees and forms, will be tangible evidence of wrongs that can be righted; of evils that can be remedied. "The wrath of the Lamb," (not of the Lion), will be upon Babylon; "and the kings of the earth, who have lived deliciously in Babylon, and with her, shall see the smoke of her burning. And the merchants of the earth who were made rich by her, and every ship-master, and all the company in ships and sailors, as many as trade by sea—these cast dust upon their heads and cried, weeping and wailing."

Are we not in those very times now? Which king would *you* like to take the place of? Let us be glad and rejoice that truth triumphs.

With love to you,

F. W. EVANS.

MT. LEBANON, COL. CO. N. Y., U. S. A., JAN. 1893.

JAMES MCNISH, Glasgow, Scotland.

Dear and often thought of friend:—I have nothing of particular moment to communicate, except love and good will, desiring for you a happy 1893. We of the North Family are moving on in the even tenor of our ways, as usual. Having in this world food and raiment and good houses in which to live, we are therewith content, believing that we

shall be as well provided for in the next world as we are in this rudimental sphere. Having also the knowledge that our treasures will be the result of the exercise of our own faculties.

The Millennium must be brought about by continual effort and by successful achievement of right, as well as by victory over wrong; the race as a race must learn by what it suffers. Scotland instead of increasing the noblest of all people—Scotch Highlanders—has exterminated them, and in their stead, raised game, sheep and disinterested hirelings. China, while claiming to be the oldest civilization, makes millions of her women cripples, what for? For the prevention of the increase of population. America's customs make cripples by compressing waists, *for the same reason*; her women are spoiled for motherhood; the greater evil of the two is perpetrated here. To finish the work of national degradation and destruction, the food instead of being composed of oatmeal, unbolted wheat and like nutritious articles, is artificial and unhygienic from childhood to old age, if any ever reach that period. Health is unpopular—unfashionable.

Is there one country whose inhabitants live like rational human beings, physically? To carry out the idea of national suicide, every *Christian* nation lets a minority of that people *claim to own all the land*, consequently the majority are slaves or dependents upon the few obliged to "Beg a brother of the earth to give them *leave* to toil." Yea, and leave to live also, more than that, as Spain raises bulls to fight and kill each other for the amusement of her idiotic people, so all *Christian* nations train and decorate those slaves to kill each other, giving them music and other externals to turn their minds from the horrors that await them, and stimulating enthusiasm until with banners flying, the slaughter and burial go swiftly, gloriously on, on to a splendid victory, leaving the widows and orphans unprovided with food and shelter to die of starvation and cold. Proud England, with her wisdom confounded, passes a law to compel those war orphans to attend public schools where the intellect may be fed, though the poor creatures are without breakfast, and their dinner pails are filled with waste paper.

Your son Thomas writes me interesting letters from Africa. I think he is doing very well under a villainously bad system. If he should be one of the minority your parental pride will be gratified, while the unjust, murderons system is continued and perpetuated.

But the day of the Lord is near, *it is near*, "wherein all the proud

and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble, the day of the Lord shall burn them up " and " man to man shall brothers be " living for and not upon each other. They need not all become Shakers, but they should not be like De Lesseps and thousands, yea millions of other *grand* men who have been plunderers ; producing conditions that increase criminals.

Gladstone is working in the right direction, but he will need to use the Axe of Reform on the root of the tree—the system. Remove the members of the House of Lords and fill their places with women who have not been crippled in their feet nor crushed in their waists, women who can think and reason aright, beginning where Thomas Paine began with the inalienable rights of man to the earth, which is the source of his material supplies. When such women insure such measures, children will not be sent to school without breakfast nor yet with dinners in their baskets composed of waste paper.

It is no longer Elder Frederic, but Elder Daniel Offord ; he and his associates, brother Walter Shepherd, Eldress Anna White and sister Martha J. Anderson, now lead the family in paths of righteousness and peace. I am now the least of the " little flock." But Jesus said, " he who is least in the kingdom is greater than John," who was the last and greatest of Jewish prophets ; but not a Christian, not in the kingdom.

It is now *raining* ; but you can scarcely know what a national blessing this rain is to these United States. We have passed through, thus far, one of the hardest winters for bad weather that I have ever experienced. *Suffering for the want of water* is the universal cry in this section of country. We had just come to the end of our supply, and now comes the rain—the blessed rain !

If you wish to use or circulate this letter among the friends in whom I and we take great interest, be free to do so, for they should know as you know, that Shaker societies are oasis in the great desert of Christendom, standards of right principles, homes of brotherly and sisterly love, yea heavens in this sin-cursed earth.

Write to me when you have time and feel like so doing. Love to yourself and Margaret, to George and all.

F. W. EVANS.

NORTH FAMILY, MT. LEBANON, N. Y., FEB. 10TH 1891.

EMMA J. NEAL.

Beloved Sister :—I am interested in you, because you are interested in *doctrine*.

“Those who erred in spirit, came to understanding, and those who murmured learned doctrine.” When I was a young Believer, I gave my mind to study theology, which is as the plan to a house. The scriptures of different people were my text-books. I searched for the principle upon which the particular text rested, tracing it from beginning to end in cognate texts; and sometimes, one principle would furnish thought and employment for days and even weeks together. Shakespeare says, “jealousy is a green-eyed monster who *makes* the meat he feeds upon.” Jesus said, “To him that hath, shall be given, and he shall have the more abundantly;” is not the principle identical in both cases? That was a period of sowing, and I sowed plentifully; now I reap what I then sowed, and I have a fruitful harvest. I discovered the springs from which have flowed currents of thought that are enriching the world; “Agitation of thought being the beginning of wisdom.”

In those times, I came to think that I was alone in the spirit of forecast—prophecy—that I was exercised in and by; but in a vision, I was enlightened and reproved. I heard a voice call my name, and then say, “you are only one of many who are being exercised in the same way;” and I afterwards found that to be the case; “think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; there has nothing befallen you but what is common to humanity.”

Now those pregnant texts, and sayings of wise men and women are continually, by day and in the night, recurring to my memory, together with the lines of thought to which they gave rise. So, I have “a green old age.” “Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moths can corrupt and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up the treasures of mental and spiritual labor; of these, no one may rob you.” I confirm the wisdom of that scripture. I see that a late writer enumerates some six or seven cases of millionaires who are now in various insane asylums. Why not? Is it not irrational for a mortal, who may die any day, to put all his or her thoughts into property, accumulated

away beyond their necessities, so that they are interested in nothing else, and can think of nothing but financial matters? "This day thy soul shall be required of thee ! Then, whose shall those things be?" Is it not probable, as is represented, that a disembodied millionaire may be seen in the spirit land, counting their imaginary money over and over? What else have they to think about? "As a man thinketh, so is he." "A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses;" but in the rational use of what he possesses.

I am glad to say that I enjoy life. My simple food and drink satisfy my appetite; like a boy, I sleep sweetly; my friends rise before me in the morning, milk the cows, feed the horses, clean the walks, put the house in order, prepare breakfast, and call me to eat with them. I ask myself, where is the justice of it; is that equality? How do I pay for the care and burden that I bring? In addition to these good things that I enjoy, is my clothing, clean, warm and neat, adapted to every change of weather, and to all the varying conditions of health, comfort, and, last but not least, is the pleasant smile and the cheerful looks of my brethren and sisters. Is it any wonder that to myself I often say, "This is heaven?" If in the other world I find as much good as I am blessed with in this, I shall be satisfied with the goodness of God.

To all this, my sister Emma will say, "Well, sure enough, Elder Frederic has really come to his second childhood." And pray why should not second childhood be better than the first, if not, what have we lived for? Where are the objects of our longings, the fruition of our hopes and glorious anticipations? and where are the realizations of the visions and prophecies—"the substance of things hoped for"—the beatitudes of angels, of Christ, of God, the actualizations of a spiritual heaven? Should these all end in helpless, hopeless apathy, a dreary monotony of old age? I have always felt as Father James felt when in ecstasy he exclaimed, "It is glory, and glory beyond glory, and glory beyond that!"

Is not our Father and Mother—God—happy? If so, is it not their will that man and woman should be happy? If they "Wash their hands in innocency," and thus compass their gospel duties—"be perfect as God is perfect," why should they not be happy, as God is happy.

In love, your gospel brother,

F. W. EVANS.

NORTH FAMILY, MAY 1ST, 1891.

Beloved Elder Daniel Boler :—

I understand that this is your birthday, and that you have completed your 87th year.

I congratulate you upon the occasion of having passed so many years of your earth-life in being and in doing good. "Let not him boast who putteth on the harness, but he who taketh it off." Happy the lot. You have fought the battle of life successfully, ; have gained the victory, and stand as an overcomer. As such, you will enter the higher spheres of the spirit-world, where a glorious place is prepared for you. You have earned it.

Who would have thought that Elder Giles would have passed on before you? It does not seem real ; yet it is real. That our Order has raised two such men, is beyond words of praise.

A tree is judged by the fruit that it bears and by that fruit we not only judge the tree in the past, but we are certain of its capacity for the future ; by judicious cultivation it will improve. "Greater works than these shall ye do," because I shall assist you.

This is the glory of the gospel, that it increases with the increase of God, both within and without the fold. "Other sheep have I who are not of this fold ; they also must be gathered." It meaneth all mankind ;—what a grand thought !

I take this occasion to thank you Elder Daniel for your unvaried friendship to me. To my knowledge, there has been no break in the golden chain of love and union existing between us. I owe you much gratitude ; you have been kind to me as father and friend. Peaceful be the end of your earth-pilgrimage !

Please accept my love and thanks for yourself and the Order of Ministry.

Your gospel brother,

F. W. EVANS.

PROPHETS.

By whom were the Prophets inspired,
 Or whence came their rythmical song
 That Avatars played on their lyres
 While marching with ages along ?
 It was by the angelic host,

That dwell on Eternity's strand,
Or Christ's of the innermost sphere
Who await the Deific command.
The heaven of heavens their home
Where primeval cells were first formed,
From these all creation hath come,
They never by evil were stormed.
From thence were the Prophets inspired,
Mid races and nations of earth,
Each Prophetess felt her soul fired
To sing of the heavenly birth.
Pure glory on glory I see,
Forever and ever advancing,
That rolls like the billowy sea,
With music its grandeur enhancing.
Perhaps to the sun we ascend,
If from it our beings evolved,
As planets rolled out to the end
In oceans of fire dissolved.

F. W. EVANS.

ERRATA.

The fly leaf introducing "Tokens of Friendship" should follow "Home Offerings."

The first line of poetry on page 58 should read :

Honor in life to whom is honor due.

DATE DUE

3-1986

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